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THE NEW YORKER

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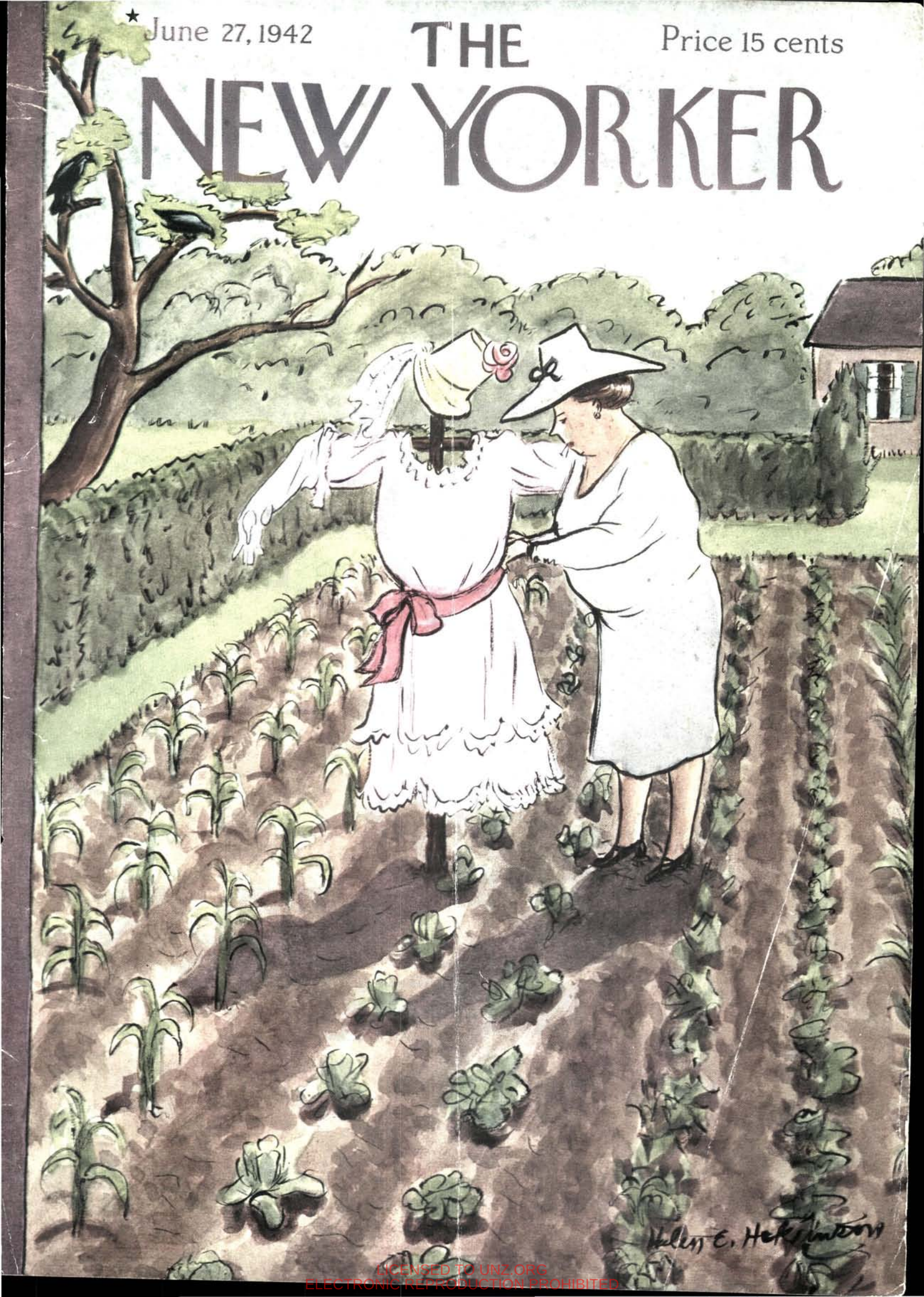

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GOINGS ON

ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—Very nice Victorian thriller by the author of "Rope's End." Judith Evelyn, Vincent Price, and Leo G. Carroll are prominent in the dirty work. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—The Brewster sisters defeat their nephew Jonathan by a score of thirteen corpses to twelve in this beautifully original and hair-raising comedy. Josephine Hull and Boris Karloff will be replaced on Mon., June 29, by Laura Hope Crews and Erich von Stroheim. Jean Adair remains in the cast. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Blithe Spirit—Noel Coward's effervescent comedy about the quick and the dead, very stylishly produced by John C. Wilson. Among the spooks and their mortal foils are Clifton Webb, Peggy Wood, Leonora Corbett, and Mildred Natwick. Winner of the Drama Critics' award for the season's best foreign play. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Claudia—Rose Franken's account of how a flighty bride is brought to face the facts of life. A first-class comedy that turns into a fairly routine problem play in the last act. With Dorothy McGuire, Frances Starr, and Donald Cook. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., July 4.)

Guest in the House—Mary Anderson, Louise Campbell, and Leon Ames in a rather underrated piece about a terrible young woman who wrecks a tranquil Connecticut household. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Junior Miss—A very funny and touching adaptation by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields of Sally Benson's *New Yorker* stories, made almost irresistible by the acting of Patricia Peardon and Lenore Lonergan as two little girls. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Life with Father—Russel Crouse and Howard Lindsay have turned the red-headed Day family loose on the stage in an intelligent and high-spirited comedy. Mr. Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney are excellent as Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

My Sister Eileen—Two young ladies from Columbus, Ohio, discover that Greenwich Village is even more peculiar than advertised. Ruth McKenney's reminiscences have been made into a fine, dizzy comedy, with Shirley Booth. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Tues., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

Uncle Harry—Quite effective melodrama about a man who can't get arrested for murder. With Eva Le Gallienne, Joseph Schildkraut, and A. P. Kaye. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Broken Journey—A play by Andrew Rosenthal, with Edith Atwater, Tom Powers, Zita Johann, and Phyllis Povah. Staged by Arthur Hopkins and produced by Martin Burton. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 4.

WITH MUSIC

Best Foot Forward—George Abbott, who has a way with children, has assembled a lot of them into a very pretty and cheerful comedy about life in a preparatory school. Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane wrote the music and lyrics; Jo Mielziner did the scenery. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

By Jupiter—The Rodgers and Hart adaptation of "The Warrior's Husband," starring Ray Bolger. Constance Moore, Ronald Graham, and Benay Venuta also appear in this first-rate musical. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Let's Face It!—When it isn't being cute, this comedy about three restless matrons and their escorts is extremely handsome and satisfactory. Eve Arden and Mary Jane Walsh assist Danny Kaye with the acting. Cole Porter is responsible for most of the songs. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Porgy and Bess—Catfish Row resurrected, and about time, too. Cheryl Crawford's production, with most of the original cast, is a delight in every way. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Priorities of 1942—A vaudeville show that should appeal to the old enthusiasts. On this week's bill: Lou Holtz, Willie Howard, Phil Baker, Hazel Scott, and the best trained-dog act in history. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., Sat., and Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

Sons o' Fun—This blood brother to "Hellz-a-Poppin" cost more, but it is just as strange. Frank Libuse and Joe Besser help Olsen and Johnson to torment the audience. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Laugh, Town, Laugh!—A variety show, with Ed Wynn, Carmen Amaya, Smith & Dale, and Jane Froman. Produced by Mr. Wynn. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. through Sun.; extra Mat. Sun. at 5:30.)

Star and Garter—Gypsy Rose Lee, Bobby Clark, Georgia Sothern, and other burlesque graduates in still another variety show. Harold Rome and Johnny Green have written a number of the songs. Staged by Hassard Short and produced by Michael Todd. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs. and Sat.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

Stars on Ice—An ice show, with a cast largely made up of performers who appeared in "It Happens on Ice." Produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur Wirtz. Opens Thurs., July 2. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat., and 3, Sun.)

This Is the Army—Irving Berlin's up-to-date version of his musical show "Yip, Yip, Yaphank," with Mr. Berlin and a cast of some 300 soldiers, including Ezra Stone and Stewart Churchill. Produced by the Army as an Army Emergency Relief benefit. Opens Sat., July 4. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 6-5353. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Sat. and Sun.)

MISCELLANY

The Chocolate Soldier—Allan Jones and Helen Gleason in a revival of the Oscar Straus musical. Produced by Joseph S. Tushinsky and Hans Bartsch. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Sat. and Sun.)

Gilbert and Sullivan—The Savoy Opera Guild in "Patience," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., June 25-27; "The Mikado," Thurs. through Sat. Eves., July 2-4; at 8:30. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CA 6-9042.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music or other entertainment. Many of them have fill-in performers or are closed altogether on either Sun. or Mon., so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador Garden, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Jules Lande's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing daily.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Hazel Franklin and the Heasley Twins head the ice show in the Fountain Room. Music by Ray Heatherton's orchestra.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Still the place where the patrons stare at each other instead of a floor show. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—Joseph C. Smith's and Eddie Davis's orchestras seem to have won favor from the ivy-college trade.

Monte Carlo Beach, 49 E. 54 (PL 5-3400)—Felix Ferry's summer place, with Sonny Kendis's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing, and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Stanley Melba's orchestra provides music for tea and supper dancing in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—The perennial Persian Room has a small show and

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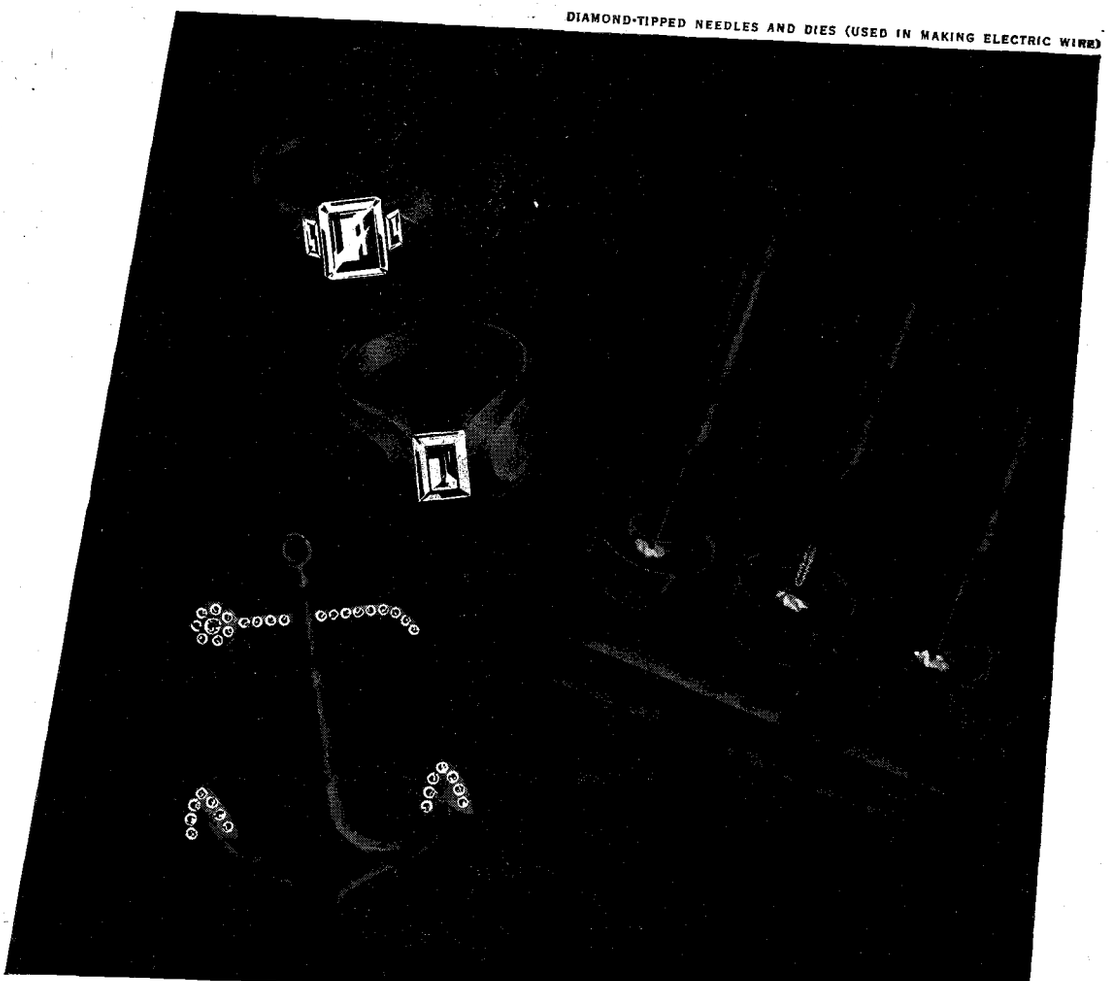

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 4.

music by Ben Cutler's orchestra, which also plays for tea dancing on Sat.

Rainbow Room, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 5-9000)—Charles Weidman and his company head the new show way up there in the clouds. Carmen Cavallaro's orchestra.... Russ Smith's orchestra plays in the Rainbow Grill.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—Paul Sparr and his orchestra play for dancing on the Viennese Roof.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—Jean Sablon is singing his French songs in the Café Lounge. Ray Benson's orchestra.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charles Baum's orchestra and Fausto Curbelo's rumba band. Ernie Holst's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Versailles, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—Maximillian Bergère's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band play for dancing in this big East Side place, and there's also a show.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Georges and Jalna and Guy Lombardo's orchestra are on the Starlight Roof. Mischa Borr is there at the supper hour.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—**Le Ruban Bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): unusually quiet, and the show, headed by Mildred Bailey and Lotte Goslar, is unusual too.... **Spivy's Roof**, 139 E. 57 (PL 3-1518): Spivy herself, singing those songs, is the mainstay here.... **La Vie Parisienne**, 3 E. 52 (EL 5-8553): the life Parisian is depicted mainly in the murals, but there's also a small show. ... **1-2-3 Club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Roger Stearns plays piano and other people play gin rummy in this big, low-ceilinged, softly lighted room.... **Tony's**, 59 W. 52 (PL 5-0170): gin rummy here too, as well as piano-playing by Cy Walter and guest entertainers now and then.... **Penthouse Club**, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): the music, the candles, and the view of Central Park should make you feel clandestine.

Miscellaneous—At **Le Coq Rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): an easygoing kind of spot, with Dick Wilson's orchestra.... **Armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): George Morris's orchestra, not much floor space, and everything nice and cozy.... **La Martinique**, 57 W. 57 (PL 5-5757): bright and straightforward, with Emil Coleman's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show headed by Una Mae Carlyle and Walter O'Keefe.... **Café Society Uptown**, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223): a swing place, with Hazel Scott, Kenneth Spencer, Joe Sullivan, and Eddie South's band; Zero Mostel is there, too.... **Casino Russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): a Russian program, with folk songs and such. Nicholas Matthey's orchestra.... **Astor Roof**, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra will be replaced by Alvino Rey's on Tues., June 30.... **Essex House**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Sammy Kaye's orchestra.... **New Yorker Hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Johnny Long's orchestra and an ice show.... **Pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Charlie Spivak's orchestra.... **Roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Walter Perner's orchestra. ... **Warwick**, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a mite of a dance floor and Sande Williams' orchestra.... **Bossert Marine Roof**, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): quite a trip, maybe, but the view of the dimmed-out waterfront is fine. Nye Mayhew's orchestra.... **Bill's Gay Nineties**, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): songs and atmosphere for people who liked that decade or have heard it well spoken of. No dancing.... **Village Vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): something like an air-raid shelter, except for songs by Huddie Ledbetter and others.... **Jimmy Kelly's**, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): things don't get going here until most children are in bed, which is lucky.

●

Broadway Atmosphere—At the **Latin Quarter**, B'way at 48 (CI 6-1737): the Folies-Bergère crossed with Loew's State in a revue that's colossal at least.... **La Conga**, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): South Americana, a rumba band, and a small show.... **Havana-Madrid**, B'way at 51 (CI 7-3461): relentlessly Latin, with a rumba band and a show.... **18 Club**, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Frankie Hyers' humor isn't on the delicate side, but nobody seems to mind.... **Diamond Horseshoe**, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Betty Compson, Gilda Gray, and Carlyle Blackwell.

Mostly for Music—At **Café Society Downtown**, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): some of the best musical talent in Greenwich, or any other, Village, including Ammons and Johnson and Teddy Wilson's orchestra.... **Nick's**, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): Pee Wee Russell at the head of a shifting personnel.... **Jimmy Ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Zutty Singleton keeps hammering away with his trio.

Al-Fresco—At the **Claremont Inn**, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600): Joe Ricardel's orchestra plays for dancing.... **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53 (CI 5-8900): lunch and tea are served in the garden.... Some Village places with sidewalk cafés which you might care to drop into if you're down that way: the **Brevoort**, 5 Ave. at 8; the **Fifth Avenue Hotel**, 5 Ave. at 9; and **Longchamps**, 5 Ave. at 12.

ART

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern P'kway—Comprehensive showing of masks, carvings, textiles, etc., from the East Indies and other Pacific Ocean islands. Sat., July 4, from 1 to 5 P.M.; other weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 20.

Dove—New oils, as boldly patterned and colorful as ever: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Daily 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., June 27.

French—Oils by Renoir, Degas, Monet, Pissarro, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 31.

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70—An exhibition of recent acquisitions, including works by Monet and Blake, together with a part of the permanent collection of drawings and prints not shown before. Tues. through Sat., except July 4, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through the summer.

Groups—At the **Harriman**, 63 E. 57: water colors and drawings by Botkin, Santo, and others. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Tues., June 30.... **Wakefield**, 64 E. 55: oils, gouaches, and drawings by Ernst, Zadkine, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., except July 4, from 9:30 A.M. to 12 noon; through Aug. 29.... **Rehn**, 683 5 Ave., at 54: works by Burchfield, Picken, Hopper, and others, in this gallery's annual spring show. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 10.... **Kraushaar**, 730 5 Ave., at 57: recent works by Schnakenberg, Guy Pène du Bois, Bouché, Cowles, and others. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., June 27. ... **Perls**, 32 E. 58: seasonal review, including works by Wilson, Haucke, and Austin. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., July 3.... **Passedoit**, 121 E. 57: paintings by Menkes and Jacobi, among others, and a few sculptures, including some by de Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through July 30.... **Kleemann**, 38 E. 57: Brockman, Bosa, Higgins, and others of this gallery's group. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., except July 4, from 9:30 A.M. to 1 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... **Macbeth**, 11 E. 57: oils and water colors by Hartley, De Martini, and others. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 3.... **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64: works by members of the Federation of Modern Painters and Sculptors. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 26.... **A.C.A.**, 26 W 8: large and lively collection, with paintings by Evergood and Gwathmey as the highlights. Weekdays, except Sat., July 4, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through July 14.

Metropolitan Museum, 5 Ave. at 82—"Cartoons of the Day," an exhibition in which such artists as Gropper, Kirby, Garrett Price, Raemaekers, and Soglow are represented (through Tues., June 30); drawings, mostly in color, of textiles, furniture, glass, and ceramics in the Museum's American collection, from the Index of American Design (through Sept. 15); also, posters of the eighteen-nineties, from the Museum's permanent collection (through Sept. 30). Weekdays, including Sat., July 4, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.

Monet—Well-selected loan show of paintings done at the height of the Impressionist period, 1876 to 1885: Rosenberg, 16 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., June 27.

Museum of Living Art, 100 Washington Sq. E.—Works by Jean Hélion, Carl Holty, Vaclav Vytlacil, and at least twenty other abstract artists. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 8 P.M.; through the summer.

Red Cross Benefit—A big, rambling, and thoroughly enjoyable collection of paintings by British, American, and other United Nations artists: Parke-Bernet, 30 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., July 3.

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8—An exhibition of models submitted in the Artists for Victory contest for a sculpture symbolizing aviation's part in the war. Daily, except Sun. and Mon., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Tues., June 30.

Here and There—At the **Wildenstein**, 19 E. 64: paintings by Carlos de la Torre and drawings by Ramon Gomez Cornet. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., June 26.... **Clay Club**, 4 W. 8: sculptures by artists in the armed services. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., except July 4, from 2 to 5 P.M.; through July 15.... **Buchholz**, 32 E. 57: oils, water colors, and sculptures by Braque, Flannagan, Gris, Knaths, Léger, and other American and European artists. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., July 3.

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Philharmonic-Symphony—Smallens conducting, through Sun. Eve., June 28, and Sat. Eve., July 4; Reiner conducting, Mon. through Fri. Eves., June 29-July 3. *Soloists: Eleanor Fine and Blair McClosky*, June 27; Hofmann, June 29; Piatigorsky, July 2; Abram, July 4. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. AU 3-3400. At 8:30. Midtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534. In case of rain, last-minute plans will be broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M., over WNYC.)

Goldman Band—Central Park Mall, Sun., Mon., Wed., and Fri. Eves. at 8:30.... Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

Folk-Music Concert—Libby Holman, Burl Ives, Woody Guthrie, Huddie Ledbetter, Joshua White, Richard Dyer-Bennett, and others in a concert sponsored by Earl Robinson and Richard Wright: Town Hall, Fri. Eve., June 26, at 8:30. (For tickets, call SA 2-8650.)

Swiss Concert—Peasant bands, yodelling and choral groups, and an orchestra conducted by Francesco Petillo; a U.S.O. benefit: Cosmopolitan Opera House, 135 W. 55, Tues. Eve., June 30, at 8:30. (CO 5-9089.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **Ebbets Field**: Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Thurs. Eve., June 25, at 7, Fri. Aft., June 26, at 3, Sat. Aft., June 27, at 2:30, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Sun. Aft., June 28 (doubleheader), at 2:05; Dodgers vs. Boston, Tues. Aft., June 30, at 3, and Wed. Eve., July 1, at 7.... POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Fri. Aft., June 26, at 3, Sat. Aft., June 27, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., June 28 (doubleheader) at 2:05; Giants vs. Philadelphia, Tues. Eve., June 30, time to be announced; Giants vs. Boston, Thurs. Eve., July 2, time to be announced, and Sat. Aft., July 4 (doubleheader), at 1:30.

GOLF—Women's Long Island Match-Play Championship, North Hempstead C.C., Port Washington, through Fri., June 26.... Women's Westchester and Fairfield Championship, Scarsdale G.C., Scarsdale, through Fri., June 26.... New Jersey Junior, Thurs. and Fri., June 25-26, and Father and Son Championship, Sat., June 27, Plainfield C.C., Plainfield.... Long Island Father and Son Championship, Thurs., June 25, and Long Island Junior, Fri. and Sat., June 26-27, Cherry Valley Club, Garden City.... Father and Son Tournament, Garden City G.C., Garden City, Mon., June 29.

HUNT MEETING—United Hunts Racing Association, Piping Rock Club, Locust Valley, L.I., Sat. Aft., July 4, at 2:15; Army and Navy Relief benefit.

RACING—Daily at Aqueduct, at 1:45 P.M.; through Sat., June 27; Army and Navy Relief and U.S.O. benefit on the final day. (The Brooklyn Handicap, June 27.) Frequent trains will leave Penn Station daily between 12 noon and 1:15 P.M.... Weekdays at Empire City, tentatively at 2:15 P.M., beginning Mon., June 29. (The Butler Handicap, July 4.)

TENNIS—National Professional Championships, West Side Tennis Club, Forest Hills, daily through Sun., June 28, at about 1:30 P.M.; Navy Relief Society benefit.... Eastern Intercollegiate Championships, Montclair A.C., Montclair, Mon. through Sat., June 29-July 4, at 11 A.M.

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club Regatta, Hempstead Harbor, Glen Cove, Sat., June 27, at about 2 P.M.... Noroton Race Week, Star Class, Noroton, Conn., Sat. through Wed., June 27-July 1.... Championship races on the Sound, at 1:30 P.M.: New Rochelle Y.C., Sun., June 28; Larchmont Y.C., Sat., July 4.

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITION—Films and models touching on home defense and many other aspects of warfare: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., 6 Ave. at 49. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through the summer.

FIRE-FIGHTING IN REVIEW—An exhibition described as tracing the history of the city's Fire Department "from leather bucket to stirrup pump," which includes actual pieces of equipment as well as models, old and new: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

FASHION EXHIBITION—Twenty-eight up-to-date versions, by Monteil, Rosenstein, Valentina, and other American designers, of costumes portrayed in the Metropolitan Museum's collection of Renaissance art: at the Museum, 5 Ave. at 82. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through July 31.

PHOTOGRAPHY—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53: a collection of prints, selected by Edward Steichen, showing this nation at war. Weekdays through Tues., June 30, from 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; thereafter from 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 20.... WEYHE, 794 Lexington, at 61: pictures taken by Chinese photographers of their nation's war against Japan; a United China Relief benefit. Thurs. and Fri., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat., 9 A.M. to 12 noon; through Sat., June 27.... AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Pk. W. at 77: the Rockefeller Center Camera Club's annual exhibition. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Sun., June 28.

ON THE AIR—Stadium Concerts, Smallens conducting, Fri. and Sun. Eves., June 26 and 28, at 8:30, WNYC.... Professional Tennis Championships, Sat. Aft., June 27, at 2:30, and Sun. Aft., June 28, at 5:15, WEAF.

NEWS COMMENTATORS: Waverley Root, nightly at 6:30, WINS; Raymond Gram Swing, Thurs., Sat., Sun., and Mon. Eves. at 10, WOR; Wythe Williams, Fri., Mon., and Wed. Eves. at 8:30, WHN.... News from abroad: Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, WINS; Mon. through Sat. Eves. at 6:45, and Sun. Eves. at 6 and 8, WABC; Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 7:15, WEAF; and Sun. Eves. at 7, WJZ.

NOTE—The new red federal auto-tax stamps, which must be displayed on the windshields of all cars in this state from Wed., July 1, to June 30 of next year, may be purchased at any post office.

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, JUNE 25, THROUGH SATURDAY, JULY 4.

MOTION PICTURES

THE GOLD RUSH—Charlie Chaplin's classic, which he himself has revised for sound and which turns out to be fresh and modern and altogether still a pleasure. (Globe, B'way at 46; through Wed., July 1.)

IN THIS OUR LIFE—Bette Davis as a Southern girl who makes a lot of trouble for everybody. With Olivia de Havilland, George Brent, and Dennis Morgan, and, of course, from the Ellen Glasgow novel. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Wed., July 1.... R.K.O. 23rd Street, 8 Ave. at 23; R.K.O. 58th Street, 3 Ave. at 58; R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; R.K.O. 86th Street, Lexington at 86; Riverside, B'way at 96; Nemo, B'way at 110; and Coliseum, B'way at 181; Fri. through Thurs., June 26-July 2.)

KINGS ROW—A major picture, more affecting than entertaining, about the psychopathology of a small American town in the nineteen-hundreds. Ann Sheridan, Betty Field, Judith Anderson, Claude Rains, Charles Coburn, and Ronald Reagan. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., June 26.... Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Sat. through Mon., June 27-29.)

LADY IN DISTRESS—Neatly turned English melodrama, with Paul Lukas and Michael Redgrave. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., June 27-29.)

THE MALE ANIMAL—Olivia de Havilland and Henry Fonda in a bright, expanded version of the Thurber-Nugent comedy of campus life. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Tues., June 27-30.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Tues. and Wed., June 30-July 1.)

MRS. MINIVER—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon, with Dame May Whitty, in a story of the war and how the English are enduring it in their country houses and once quiet villages. (Radio City Music Hall, 6 Ave. at 50.)

MOONTIDE—A sombre sketch of life along the West Coast waterfront, imaginative and violent. Introducing Jean Gabin, with scarcely a trace of accent, in his first American film, assisted by Ida Lupino and Thomas Mitchell.

(R.K.O. 81st Street, B'way at 81; Riverside, B'way at 96; and Nemo, B'way at 110; Thurs., June 25.... Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Wed. through Sat., July 1-4.)

NAZI AGENT—Modest thriller, in which Conrad Veidt is twins and outwits himself. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., June 29.... Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., July 1.)

THIS GUN FOR HIRE—Veronica Lake, with one Alan Ladd as a curious killer type, in a strange, original underworld crime piece. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; and Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., June 26.... Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Sat., June 27.... Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., June 27-29.)

TORTILLA FLAT—California's quaint, strange, charming Spanish inhabitants, according to Steinbeck, in a pleasant movie, with Hedy Lamarr, Spencer Tracy, and John Garfield. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., June 29.... State, B'way at 45; Lexington, Lexington at 51; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., July 1.)

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY—With Cagney as Cohan, this is a fine film of the great man's history, and a beautiful musical show, too, the old songs fresh as ever to our ears. Jeanne Cagney, Joan Leslie, and Walter Huston are among those involved. (Hollywood, B'way at 51; nightly at 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 5:30 P.M., and other days at 2:45 P.M.)

REVIVALS

ALEXANDER NEVSKY (1939)—Eisenstein's film of medieval warfare in Russia. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Sun., June 28.)

THE GREAT WALTZ (1938)—Luise Rainer, Fernand Gravet, "The Blue Danube," and old Vienna. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., July 3.)

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY (1941)—Life in the Welsh collieries. Maureen O'Hara and Walter Pidgeon. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Thurs., June 25.)

JOY OF LIVING (1938)—Comedy, Kern tunes, Irene Dunne, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Wed. through Fri., July 1-3.)

THE LIFE OF EMILE ZOLA (1937)—Paul Muni and the Dreyfus case. (Park, Columbus Circle; Sat. through Tues., June 27-30.)

THE LIVES OF A BENGAL LANCER (1935)—Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, and Richard Cromwell—all lancers. (Art, 36 E. 8; through Fri., June 26.)

LOVE ME FOREVER (1935)—Grace Moore singing and Leo Carrillo gambling. (Park, Columbus Circle; Wed. through Fri., July 1-3.)

LA MATERNELLE (1935)—Children in Montmartre. French. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., June 29-July 1.)

OUR TOWN (1940)—The Thornton Wilder play. Frank Craven, Martha Scott, and William Holden. (Park, Columbus Circle; through Fri., June 26.)

PORT OF SHADOWS (1939)—Jean Gabin on Le Havre's waterfront. French. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., June 26.)

SERGEANT YORK (1941)—Gary Cooper as the celebrated noncom. (Strand, B'way at 47; starting Fri., July 3.)

SUSPICION (1941)—Hitchcock's version of Francis Iles' "Before the Fact." Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. and Wed., June 30-July 1.)

A WOMAN'S FACE (1941)—Deformity and violence. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Mon. through Wed., June 29-July 1.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following programs of American and European films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M. through Tues., June 30; daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. thereafter—THURS. AND FRI., JUNE 25-26: "The Student Prince" (1927), Norma Shearer, Ramon Novarro. SAT. AND SUN., JUNE 27-28: "Sunrise" (1927), Janet Gaynor, George O'Brien. MON. AND TUES., JUNE 29-30: "Storm Over Asia" (1928), Russian film. WED. AND THURS., JULY 1-2: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1928), French film. FRI. AND SAT., JULY 3-4: "The Wind" (1928), Lillian Gish.

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You won't find it on the production lines at Rock Island or Willow Run.

It isn't guarded at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, or tested at Aberdeen.

But it's the toughest weapon these men you are looking at will ever take into battle. It's the stuff with which all our wars are won.

The boy in the uniform doesn't call it *morale*. That's a cold potatoes word for something John American feels deep and warm inside.

Perhaps he can't give it a name. But he can tell you what it's made of.

It's made of the thrill he gets when his troop train stops at a junction point and fifty good-looking girls are at the station with cigarettes.

It's made of the appreciation he feels for a bright new USO clubhouse where he and his friends can go for a few hours' rest and relaxation.

It's made of laughter and music—when Bob Hope or Lana Turner visits his camp with a USO show.

It's made of his invitations to the homes of pleasant strangers.

It's made of a cup of coffee and a Yankee smile—at some lone outpost in Alaska or in the Caribbean.

Maybe it's just a feeling of kinship with this land of a hundred million generous people. Maybe it's just the understanding that this whole country cares; that the soldier is bone of our bone; that he and we are one.

Name it if you can. But it's the secret weapon of a democratic army—a weapon that can never be *ersatzed* in Germany or Japan.

What can you do to sharpen this weapon? Give to the USO. This great national service organization that overrides race and creed has been entrusted by your government with responsibility for the service man's leisure needs. With maintaining clubhouses and providing camp shows, with a hundred thoughtful services to our men at home and abroad.

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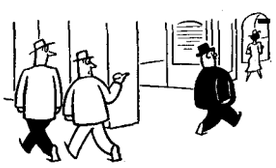
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SOMEHOW or other we were not among the few high government officials, diplomats, and newspapermen who knew that Soviet Foreign Commissar Molotov was in Washington. When we belatedly learned of his visit along with the rest of the public, we were interested most by the news that Molotov had spent a day in New York, visiting Radio City and going to a movie, without being recognized. For a while we worried about what we would have done had we run into him in Radio City and found ourself saddled with a burden of responsibility too heavy for any but high government officials, diplomats, and a few superior newspapermen. We worried about it, in fact, until the hypothetical scene came clear in our mind and we realized that there really wouldn't have been any problem. Assume that we had been out walking along Sixth Avenue with a friend and were just passing by the Music Hall when we saw a familiar-looking, plump little man with a mustache buying a ticket. "Say," we would have exclaimed to our friend, "doesn't that small, plump



man with the mustache look just like Vyacheslav M. Molotov?" "He sure does," our friend would have answered automatically. "You know," we would have continued, walking on, "it's really amazing the way you see people who look like other people these days. Why, just the other day on a bus I saw a man who was the spitting image of Ambrose Bierce!"

OUR recommendation, published March 14th, that a War Information Office be established with Elmer Davis in charge was acted on June 13th. We will now keep our promise to publish our eleven other suggestions for winning the war, and will hope for quicker action this time:

1. Decide on a standard of military fitness for the Army and stop turning down men who volunteer, only to draft them later.

2. Evacuate the Stork Club naval establishment to the Harvard Summer School for a refresher course.

3. Never announce to the American public an impending shortage. Wait till all the rationing rules have been worked out, then announce the whole thing.

4. Invade Occupied France on Bastille Day. Do it with a big force if possible; if that is inadvisable, bunt.

5. Mobilize American guerrillas. Call them gargantuans, and train them to repel the invader. Teach civilians simple rules that every Russian and Chinese knows—how to damage a tank tread with a coke bottle, how to erase a paratrooper.

6. Get the road to Alaska built quicker by half.

7. Admit Chinese military men to our war councils and learn about Nippon from them.

8. Stop circusing heroes for publicity and propaganda purposes. If a hero develops somewhere, decorate him in front of his buddies and leave him there to fight.

9. Require all government officials to write their own speeches, then cut all these speeches in half and throw three-quarters of them away.

10. Establish an American bomber command for operations in Yugoslavia to assist General Draja Mikhailovitch, the greatest guerrilla of them all.

11. Recall Clare Boothe from major battle fronts.

EVERY now and then we come upon a moment of rare, if not intolerable, domestic felicity. We met one the other afternoon when we went to call on a friend and found his three-year-old daughter curled up in a chair, with

a book and a languishing Angora cat.

"Please hush," she said to us. "I am *reading* to Pussy."

We withdrew respectfully, stopping only long enough to discover the name of the book, which she was holding upside down. It was "The Turn of the Screw," by Mr. Henry James.

IN Jay, Oklahoma, friends of a paralyzed schoolteacher have been keeping him alive for five months by constant artificial respiration. After an iron lung had failed to help him, a group of his friends volunteered to work over him in shifts, twenty-four hours a day, and although doctors hold out no hope for his recovery, his friends state that they intend to keep on pumping indefinitely. Here, it seems to us, is the Nazi idea of decadent democracy at its worst. In a time of war, when all energies should be devoted to maiming and killing, here is a group of men working unceasingly, without compensation, to keep one wasted and paralyzed body alive; not cure it, just keep it alive. Even the smallest Nazi urchin could tell you, without a moment's hesitation, that this man is useless to the State; that expending time and energy, which might be devoted to fighting, to keep his socially valueless breath moving in and out of his lungs is a crime against the State. We suspect that such callous humanitarianism during wartime probably *is* a crime against the State. We have half an idea that the real strength of a democracy, and what will eventually topple Hitler like a rotten totem pole, is that there will always be people, friends or even strang-

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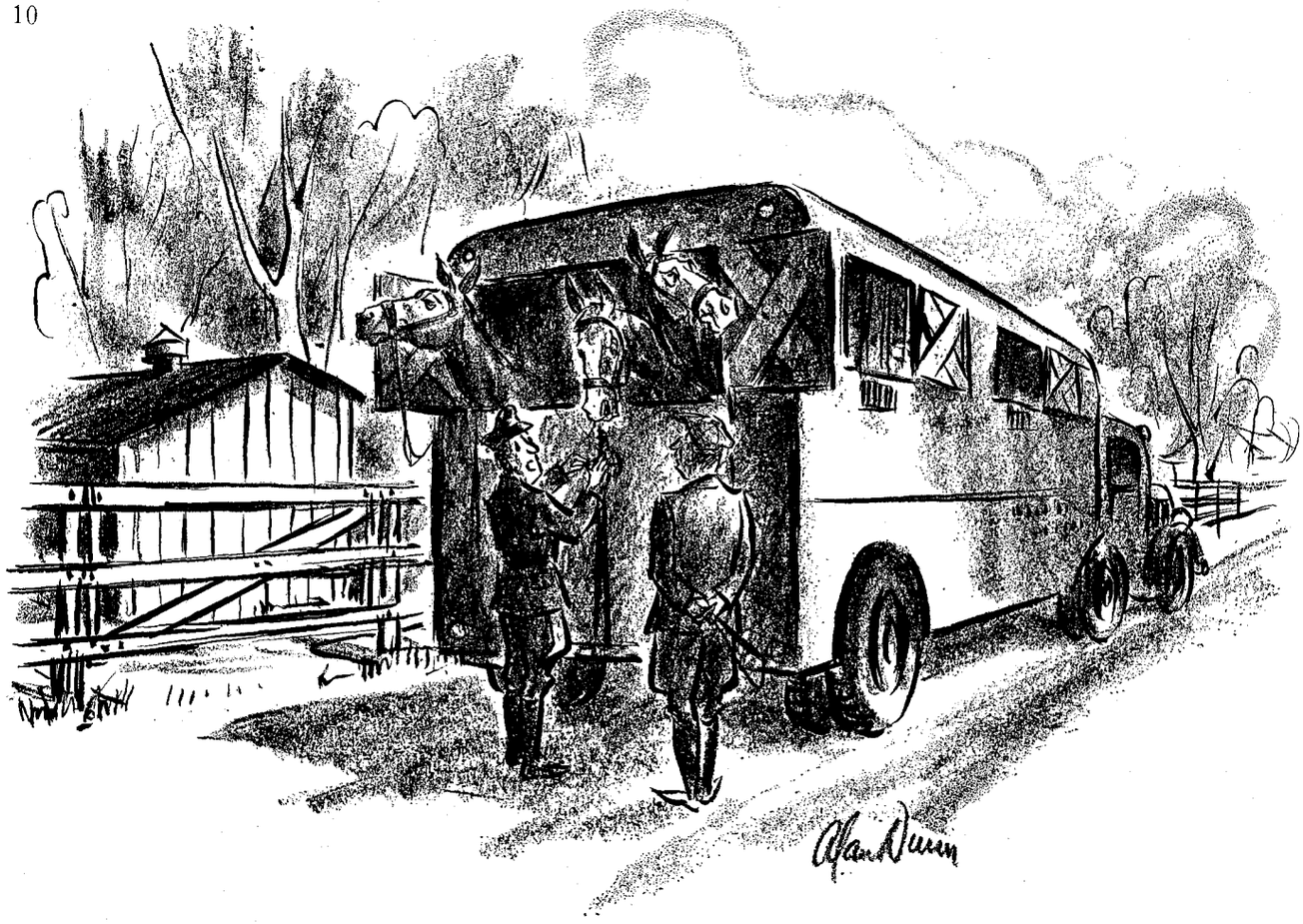

"They're certainly in for a rude awakening one of these days."

• •

ers, prepared to commit such crimes against the State, and we wish the Oklahoma schoolteacher and his decadent friends all the luck we possibly can.

S. Fish

PERMIT us to introduce one of the most unsung writers we know of, Mr. Stuyvesant Fish, of Mt. Kisco (residence) and 475 Fifth Avenue (office), the author and publisher of a book entitled "1600-1914," which was issued the beginning of May and, as we go to press, hasn't had a single line from the reviewers. We learned of this circumstance last Friday, when we stopped in at Mr. Fish's office and found him to be a large, friendly, brown-suited man, sanguine and unembittered. "I had intended to call the book 'Family Papers 1600-1914,' " he said, "but finally decided merely to date it, since much of the material came from non-family sources." He presented us with one of the three hundred copies printed and autographed it in green crayon; it consists chiefly of letters from, to, or about Fishes, Stuyvesants, and allied clans, interspersed with the author's reminiscences. Some of these are financial. Mr. Fish, who is fifty-nine, was active on the Stock Exchange for nearly thirty years as a partner in Callaway, Fish & Co. He sold his seat in 1938. "I was one of the largest traders —anyway, one of the craziest," he told us. He said he had traded two billion dollars' worth of stock in one year and handled 236,000 shares in the course of one Saturday morning. "I miss the men there now," he said, "but Roosevelt did too much to mix it up. I do not agree with the political sentiments of my cousin Ham Fish, however."

The author of "1600-1914" is a son of the late Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, the well-known hostess; a grandson of the late Hamilton Fish, who was variously a congressman, a senator, and a governor, from or of New York, and Secretary of State under Grant; and a great-grandson of Nicholas Fish, a Revolutionary War officer who was Alexander Hamilton's executor. Mr. Fish's father, who was a railroad president, kept copies of his correspondence from 1871, when he was twenty, until his death in 1923, and much of his son's book consists of extracts from this. The father left ninety fat loose-leaf volumes of copies of his letters and the replies. It has taken Mr. Fish fifteen years of his spare time to go through these, as well as eight trunks of Nicholas Fish's papers and other ancestral writings. At the bottom of one of the Nicholas Fish trunks, he came across some candles, which he threw away. Later he found a note in his great-grandfather's writing saying these were the eight candles used by Cornwallis when he signed the surrender of Yorktown; Nicholas Fish led the charge there under Hamilton.

Mr. Fish was graduated in 1905 from Yale, where he received twelve votes for Most Likely to Succeed, twelve for Most Original, nine for Most Eccentric, nine for Best-Natured, seven for Greatest Social Light, and three for Biggest Fusser. He has not inherited his mother's taste for society and lives the year round in Mt. Kisco. He rises at six, takes a tramp with his dachshunds, and gets the 8:25 to town. At noon, after some attention to family real estate (this still includes a good part of the Bouwery Farm granted to Peter Stuyvesant by the Dutch West India Company in 1650 for 6,400 guilders), he goes to the Racquet Club for lunch and a couple of hours of bridge. Another hour in his office, at a desk full of old family deeds, and back to the country, where he compiled most of his book and where he writes occasional gen-

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ealogical pamphlets published by the St. Nicholas Society, an organization not above censoring him. "I once wrote a book for them in which I wanted to describe a roof-raising celebration held at Kingston by one of the old Dutch families around 1707," Mr. Fish told us. "A good deal of rum was consumed, and the host was squashed to death under the rooftree. All the graves in his family plot face east, to see the Lord —the Lord will come from the east, you know—except his, which faces west, so that the Lord won't see him drunk. One of his descendants got wind of what I was doing and objected, and the St. Nicholas Society wouldn't let me print it." Mr. Fish's interest in genealogy is extensive, and he has traced a relationship between himself and the Dionne quintuplets.

Mr. Fish modestly writes under the name of S. Fish. He has cashed in on the stamps on his grandfather's correspondence, having sold these to a philatelist for around $600. Unfortunately, his grandfather, as senator, Secretary of State, and so on, used to frank most of his letters to his relatives. If he had been mildly liberal about putting out coppers for stamps, Mr. S. Fish would be better off today.

Economy

IT wouldn't be fair to use the name of the store concerned in this anecdote, but it's a great big one, and it's making a fuss, quite rightly, about delivering small parcels. A working girl we know called them the other day and asked if they could deliver some camera film. They were rather severe; said they couldn't deliver just the film, because that wasn't a dollar's worth and they weren't delivering things less than a dollar in value. She meekly said that in that case they could send a bottle of hair shampoo, too. The film was delivered the next day. The shampoo was delivered the day after that.

Messerschmitt

WE would report that a Messerschmitt fighter plane, observed close up on the ground, looks somewhat small and bedraggled in comparison with the corresponding planes of the United Nations. We went out to LaGuardia Field last week to see the Messerschmitt that's touring the East in company with six other planes of British and American make, on behalf of the War Bond drive. The flier assigned to piloting the Messerschmitt is a Major McKesson, a slender and boyish Virginian who has been an Army test pilot for the past three years. He told us that being given the Messerschmitt was probably not so much a comment on his flying skill as on his size. "I'm practically sitting on the floor of that ship, but my head's touching the hatch. A big man just wouldn't fit in," he said. As for Hermann Göring, "Why, he couldn't get half of his—they'd have to cut him in half to get him into that pilot's seat," said the Major. He told us, however, that Messerschmitts were not to be trifled with. "They're up to anything we or the British can produce," he told us, "maybe better. This particular job is a crude-looking ship, but it'll do in the upper three hundreds. If we were making it, putting our kind of workmanship into it, it would probably do even better." The wings, he pointed out, were cut off square, whereas the United Nations builders round their wing tips.

McKesson's Messerschmitt was brought down in England, taken apart and shipped over here, and reassembled at Wright Field, near Dayton, Ohio. We gathered that it is to be used for experimental as well as propaganda flights. Major McKesson professed some doubt that the pilot had been killed, as was given out. "These planes don't land themselves," he told us. "Maybe he was hurt and figured he was too low to bail out. Sometimes it's better to take a chance on a pancake landing." We asked the Major if he had ever had to bail out, and he said, "Once. Testing a ship. The wings came off. I figured I'd better get out." The Messerschmitt's controls are of the standard type and have given Major McKesson no trouble. Nor have the instruments, once he learned the meanings of the German notations, except for the pressure gauge; we use inches of mercury, and the Germans use atmospheres. "I have to use a slide rule to figure out the pressure," he told us. If our local airplane spotters logged the appearance of the Messerschmitt over Manhattan (and there's not the slightest doubt in the world that they did), it should have been noted as a historic moment: the first appearance of an enemy plane in these parts. The swastika appears on the Messerschmitt's tail, for local color, but there's a good, big R.A.F. bull's-eye painted under each wing, for safety. "To keep some excitable guy from taking a pot shot at me," the Major explained. We supposed that by "guy" he

"Damn it, I came here to forget the war!"

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meant ground battery, but were too polite to inquire.

Allergy

THIS one's about an old fishing guide from the northern Wisconsin lake region who recently developed a bad case of chronic asthma. Several of his regular customers chipped in to send him to a specialist in the city. The doctor shot the works, giving him test inoculations of no less than two hundred and forty substances, on the theory that his asthma might be caused by an allergy. Turned out that he did have an allergy, a fairly tragic one in his particular case: walleyed pike.

Skeleton 1676

WE consider the discovery of a member of the order Cotylosauria, a lizardish little creature which resided two hundred million years ago in the neighborhood of Paulinson Avenue, Passaic, to be news, even though the skeleton came to light in 1940; science moves slowly, and the creature has not yet received its species name. Matter of fact, it is staying incognito at the Museum of Natural History, under the name of Skeleton 1676. Dr. Barnum Brown, the Museum's Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology, explained to us that skeleton protocol is very strict. A fossil takes its species name from that which is first given it in print, no matter who gives it or where it's printed. Once Dr. Brown went through hell searching the files of a defunct Mexican newspaper which had carried an article thus naming, and describing, a glyptodon that eventually found its way to the Museum. In order that nothing like that may inconvenience people investigating the Jersey cotylosaur, he's waiting to publish full details in some learned periodical. This will take a year, he figures, since the dockets of learned periodicals are as full as those of the United States Supreme Court.

Dr. Brown, a bald, dapper man with an unmistakable Charvet tie, has related to us that he discovered Skeleton 1676 through a tip he got from a friend, to the effect that an interesting rock-embedded bone had turned up at the Passaic Senior High School. Being ill at the time, Dr. Brown sent an assistant out to reconnoitre. The assistant came panting back with the news that the rock contained numerous bones of a fascinating reptile from the Triassic period—two hundred million years old if they were a day. "Naturally, I was excited," Dr. Brown told us. "Anything from the Triassic is enough to excite one." He got on the telephone and asked the principal of the high school to take good care of the rock until he arrived. It was a great moment when Dr. Brown came face to face with the fossil. "It was a magnificent specimen," he told us. "I could see most of the bones of what seemed to be a dainty cotylosaur." It turned out that the skeleton had been unearthed by a WPA crew getting red sandstone out of a quarry on Paulinson Avenue. One of the workmen had noticed the embedded bones and put the piece aside. Later one of the city engineers ordered it sent to the school. As soon as he was able, Dr. Brown hopped right over to the quarry, where he was lucky enough to pick up the crushed skull of another cotylosaur and the teeth of still another. He also got on the track of what he thinks could have been the leg bone of a dinosaur, but the piece of rock it was in had already been included in the lining of a sewer. Just to stimulate interest, Dr. Brown paid one workman a couple of bucks for a useless piece of rock; paleontologists, you see, have to fork out just like other folk.

A Mr. Otto Falkenbach, one of the Museum's best fossil men, worked three months separating cotylosaur bone from rock, finally freeing enough of the skeleton to obtain a fair idea of the animal. From this a plaster reconstruction has been made. This shows the cotylosaur to have been about eighteen inches long and five inches high at the shoulders. His head was something like a horned toad's, and his mode of life, according to Dr. Brown, something like an alligator's. The bones left in the matrix are kept backstage as a permanent scientific file.

Nobody ever found a cotylosaur anything like this in the United States before; its nearest known relative came from a similar stratum in Africa. It's the most valuable Triassic item ever found in these parts, the nearest comparable find being the phytosaur Dr. Brown unearthed near the George Washington Bridge. Doesn't really compare, though, because phytosaurs were as common in the Triassic period as alley cats are now. As for the Senior High School, the Museum gave it, in return for the cotylosaur, several less valuable but more spectacular items, including some sharks' teeth and several sauropod caudal vertebrae, and everybody's happy.

Dumb

"THERE they were on a national hookup, and the only thing the dog would say was 'Mamma!' " This striking remark hit us right in the left ear in the lobby of the Golden Theatre during an intermission last Thursday evening. "Of course," the voice continued, "all you need to know about the dog is that she's thirteen years old and hasn't ever seen a movie." During the uttering of this second sentence we were maneuvering around to get a look at the speaker, but the crowd was dense and we didn't make it.

Lennon's Farm

IN a vacant lot on the northeast corner of Fifty-second Street and Sixth Avenue, hard by Tony's place, there is a flourishing little truck garden—six rows of corn, already up about four inches, and some sturdy tomato plants. We went by there the other day after lunch and got into conversation with the man who planted this modest acreage. He's a Massachusetts Irishman, Hughie John Lennon by name, a white-haired fellow with a pipe and a partiality for bright-blue shirts. He wants it understood, he told us first off, that he's *not* growing a victory garden. "The only victory is me over the rocks," he said. In other words, his motives are purely personal and hygienic. "Exercise, athletics—people like 'em, you got to have 'em," he told us, reasonably, leaning on his hoe. "But you join the New York Athletic Club and all you get free is the swimming. Steam bath—you got to pay. Handball—you got to pay. Here I get exercise, I get fresh air, and all for the price of a shovel and some seeds and some dirt." The land belongs to the city, Lennon explained, and he is a city employee assigned to inspecting various city-owned lots, among them the one at Fifty-second and Sixth. The garden, however, is unofficial. The city isn't sponsoring it. On the other hand, it has not objected. "Sure they hardly could, with me making a beauty place out of their garbage dump," Lennon says.

This isn't Lennon's first experience with city farming. A few years ago, when he was a city engineer, working

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"Watch out for his free hand."

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up on the Grand Concourse, he and two colleagues cleared a three-acre city lot nearby and planted eight kinds of vegetable. "Turned out good, too," he recalls. "All except the potatoes. One of the boys put on too much fertilizer and all we got was four-foot stems." Although his only practical experience has been with vacant-lot farming, Lennon owns a hundred-and-forty-acre place near Phoenix, Arizona. "That is, I guess I still own it," he told us negligently. "My sister and her husband, they work it. I bought it when I was rich." Lennon began to get rich in the nineties, shortly after attending Villanova. He worked for his cousin, a contractor and builder, and was in on the construction of the second Tombs Prison. After that he set up on his own and in his heyday had fifty men working for him. He believes he was the first businessman in New York City to buy an automobile; got a Thomas in 1902. "Weighed about a ton and a half," he said. "I always liked horses best." He remembers being rich for quite a while. "But 1907 hit me, and 1923 hit me, and in 1929 I might just as well not have been there to be hit at all," he told us. He's married, lives with his wife in an apartment on East Eighty-seventh Street, and has three grown children.

Lennon cleared the entire lot, which measures about an acre and a half, of stones and rubble to a depth of at least a foot. He amused himself by making a sort of fort of the stones; when he had finished, he made realistic-looking cannon out of scraps of lead pipe and topped the whole thing with an American flag. Evidently this was too prankish for City Hall's taste, for when Lennon arrived one morning, he found the flag and the cannon gone and the fort partly dismantled. He rebuilt it, leaving off the cannon and flag. "If they want no flag, let 'em have no flag," he says. He has already lost nineteen pounds, and as soon as ten more are gone he will coast along until time for harvesting his crop.

Record

A High-School lad we know went around to his local A.R.P. headquarters the other afternoon to volunteer as a messenger. An earnest young lady took down his name, address, age, and similar pertinent information. Then, possibly with an eye to subversive tendencies, she asked, "Do you belong to any organizations?" After deep thought the youth said that he had once been a Boy Scout but had given it up. She nodded and added a notation to the application blank: "Boy Scout, retired." The veteran tottered home, to await the call of duty.

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THE NATIONAL CAPITAL

Rumor Hour

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MAN HERE KEEPS GETTING ARRESTED ALL THE TIME

GROGAN got arrested again Thursday. Talking in this place on Third Avenue Friday night, he said he was getting sick and tired of it. That's about the ninth time he got arrested lately. He seems to be having a streak.

Grogan, a nice, quiet little man, non-supports his wife. He also bets on race horses and thinks about them night and day. He's been non-supporting his wife for eleven years and she's mean about it, even if Grogan intends no harm. So he gets arrested once in a while on her account. Mostly, though, he gets arrested in raids on puny horse rooms around Third, Second Avenue, occasionally Lexington Avenue.

Grogan's a solemn, small, scientific-minded little man, with no laughs at all written on his dead pan. He comes by being scientific-minded honestly, because in Ireland his old man was a Latin scholar just for fun. That's how Grogan got his middle name, which is Vercingetorix. His whole name is Malachy Vercingetorix Grogan, but they call him Grogan the Horseplayer. It sounds like a trade, like bricklaying.

Getting arrested doesn't bother Grogan in his pride or leave any marks on his character. He manages to remain altogether aloof from the cops that arrest him. But what gets him sore is he says you miss your dinner when you get arrested in these raids. They almost always happen half past four in the afternoon and no Night Court to stick you in front of until about ten o'clock that night.

"I don't know do they folly me around or what, those plainclothes policemen," Grogan said. "But it seems lately no sooner am I settled down nice and busy in one of these horse rooms than along about the fifth race at Aqueduct in come the policemen again.

"They're decent enough when they come in on a raid, unless once in a while somebody in the crowd of horseplayers shows signs getting tough. They have to paste them a couple then—not too hard—so everybody else will get the idea what's done is done and make the best of it and they'll know it's a raid. These couple of pastes in the jaw for somebody is what they might call in a show establishing a mood. The policemen establishes a mood that way."

THIS last arrest, Grogan said, just about broke the back on his camel. He got to brooding about it. Paddy Ferrarty, the night bartender at this saloon, often says about Grogan, "He's Irish and he broods easy."

"It's heartbreaking the way I got to do now," Grogan went on. "They got me half scared of the little horse rooms, and I don't ketch holt of enough money for decent poolrooms. I usually got seven dollars, only, to start with. Consequence is I'm playing with guys makes book in an auto on a corner. They sit in the auto and won't let me or the other horseplayers sit in it, naturally—ain't room enough.

"No, we got to stand in the rain or doorways to look at the *Racing Form*, and walk over to the auto and make bets, or get the results that comes in over the radio. You seen that kind of bookmaking. You can tell this auto, on a different corner around here nearly every day, because it has a sign on the front, 'Remember Pearl Harbor.'

"This last raid—I don't know, it got tiresome. I make out better than the other guys arrested. I'm used to it. Like when they're going to lead you out to the patrol wagon at the curb, nobody wants to be first outside the door and pass through the crowd. A crowd always stands around as close as they can to a patrol wagon, and the cops make a space between 'em, like an aisle outside a church for a wedding.

"But I got over all that bashfulness about going out first and let the crowd gape at you. The hell with them in the crowd. You're not criminals anyway, only horseplayers meaning no harm, only want to win a couple dollars. And what the hell, the cops themselves ain't even mad at you; they got to make a couple raids every week to put in the records.

"And what I found out is you get across the sidewalk first and into the wagon and you get a seat. Why, the last time they had twenty-seven guys jammed in there, standing up, sitting on each other, piled up every which way, miserable. So I'm first across the sidewalk—let them gape—and I got a seat.

"First they took us in this last raid down to the police station on East Thirty-fifth Street. The whole twenty-seven in a big room and certainly a mixed-up bunch. They had guys like me, and wops, and some Long-champs waiters with red braids on their coats would probably get fired because it was five o'clock by then and they ought to be back to work. Three or four horseplayers had helmets on. Steel helmets. These helmet guys work in the slaughterhouse on First Avenyuh. They got to wear helmets because the big sides of beefs run along a conveyor on hooks and without the beefs the bare hooks sometimes hits the guys in the head. Therefore helmets.

"The way you mill around in that police station is an awful waste of time. Just mope there, but a guy sells coffee if you want it. That helps and he makes a handy dollar with all the prisoners dumped in there all the time.

"It's about six o'clock before they took us up to East Sixty-seventh Street, what they call Division Headquarters. They count you before they put you in the wagon and they count you up at East Sixty-seventh Street and they count you before they take you out of there. My God, you get sick of being counted! I hate cops counting me, but they have a slip says twenty-seven guys arrested and they deliver them around from station to station like merchandise. Another thing that's not becomin' at all is that in East Sixty-seventh they put you in cells. No matter who you are, getting put in a cell can make you sad, even if only for horseplaying. There's something about seeing a man walk loose by the door and you can't walk loose but got to look through bars that sinks your heart out if you let it. Only I don't let it. The thing that bothers me is why do they go through all this at all, to say nothing of making you miss your dinner? Why do they keep bothering poor, simple, ordinary horseplayers and turn them loose anyway in the finish, which they always do?

"It seems useless to me. I always thought now for years I love to study horses and bet them when I can because it is one thing you can do by yourself and harms nobody at all. I can be busy with horses, the *Racing Form* or maybe the *Morning Telegraph*, all winter nights and summer nights in Bickford's or in my room and never harm anybody, but they got to keep on arresting us. Getting married causes trouble, drinking causes trouble, working wears a man out, and I see guys all around me dying making successes out of themselves. Why can't they let me harm nobody just studying horses and playing 'em when I can?

"I almost forgot to say just before the raid I bet a horse at Suffolk, two dollars win, with Louie the bookie. But then the raid come, and of course they stopped the radio, gathered up all the *Forms* and all, and with all the moving

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"I'll bet you wish your mother was a grease monkey."

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from station to station I couldn't find out how the Suffolk race come out. None of the cops were watching me especially in the raid, and I snuck an Arlington Park part of the *Form* into my sock, folded up, and I had that at East Sixty-seventh Street. I could study that in the cell, and they run late out there at Arlington because it's in Chicago. Well, damn if I didn't find a horse in the last race out there I'd been watching for weeks. He could win easy, and luck would have it Louie walk by the cell and stopped there. He must have slipped a cop something and they broke him out of a cell and let him walk in the corridor back and forth —more comforting than in a cell. I asked Louie if he would let me bet the last at Arlington, although by that time the race was over. I didn't have money, but if the Suffolk horse had win, well, I could 'if' some money off him. That means if the first horse wins, you can bet some of the win on another one. It's like a cotingency basis in the legal world, only it's 'iffing' in horse rooms. 'Honest to God, don't you know how the race come out at Arlington?' Louie asked me. 'Nobody told you, did they, in jail here?' I told him honest to God I didn't know. 'O.K.,' he says. 'You're an honest guy, Grogan. You can have four win on the Arlington horse.' Then he walked away from the cell. They both win, it later turn out, and so I beat Louie for sixteen-seventy."

"I WAS glad I went out first to the wagon when they moved us to Night Court over on West Fifty-fourth Street. I tell you why.

"It was dark when they moved us, and of course the wagon was jammed up again. The seat I got was up front, and there's a round hole in the partition that divides the driver off from us. Well, as we drove along I could look through that round hole and see all the corners I knew. It was very interesting, just looking through that hole and seeing a particular building and figuring out 'This is Lexington and Sixty-fourth' or else 'This is Lex and Fifty-ninth.' The electric signs are blacked out, but I could read some anyway and they looked pretty through that hole and made me forget how rotten it is packed in a patrol wagon getting arrested all the time for doing no harm.

"Of course, they counted us again at the Night Court, where you stand around in a detention pen. I felt like saying, 'Stop counting me. I'm still one guy, the same as I been all my life.' But what's the use? The less said in a detention pen the better.

"The bailiff got me a little mad. They haul you up in a bunch before the magistrate, and when it came our turn, the bunch from our particular raid, what do you suppose the bailiff shouted to the magistrate? Well, he hollered, 'Malachy V. Grogan and twenty-six others!' I asked him, 'What's the idea singlin' me out?' 'Aw, you're here all the time,' he says. I let it go at that."

"THEY dismissed us, the magistrate did, the way he always does. We get charged with dis. con., they call it, means disorderly conduct, and there's a couple minutes' blather and they turn us loose, ten o'clock or so and no dinner yet. They hold Louie. They got him charged with main. nuis., which is maintaining a nuisance, probally meaning Malachy V. Grogan and twenty-six others. It all seems useless, and I don't know why they got to keep arresting us all, not doing anybody a bit of harm but finding an interesting way to put in all the days and nights.

"Louie give me the sixteen-seventy after we got out. He got bailed in no time. I knew he would because Louie's the kind nobody pends him up very long and so I was waiting in Fifty-fourth when he come out. He bought a *Telegraph* at the stand there at Fiftieth and Broadway and we found out how the races we missed in jail come out."

—JOHN MCNULTY

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The couple tried last week to get married in Virginia, but were turned down because of Miss Matthews' youth. She is 02.—*Mexico City Excelsior.*

She better wait a year.

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THE DOUBLE BEDSPREAD

MRS. CUFFE-WALTERS had lived for several years with her faithful cook-housekeeper in Market St. Dunstans. They were not particularly sociable. People called, and Mrs. Cuffe-Walters returned their call, and everything was as perfectly orthodox and feudal as English democracy would permit. Conversation often led around to the immense difficulty of training village girls for domestic service. But though Mrs. Cuffe-Walters murmured agreement, she was not interested, because her excellent Robbins had been with her for so long and managed very well.

There was no perplexity and little interest concerning this well-ordered household until a couple of months after the outbreak of war, when Mrs. Danby, the Doctor's wife, received a letter by hand from Mrs. Cuffe-Walters. Hardly a letter—a brief, formal communication: "Robbins will in future be known as Miss Robbins."

Mrs. Danby was terribly puzzled. Did she deserve this reprimand? Had she ever deliberately called Miss Robbins "Robbins"? Had she, indeed, ever called her anything at all except "Good morning" or "Yes, I'm afraid it *is*" (going to rain)? She went round to consult Mrs. Edmunds, the Squire's mother, for she felt she needed an impersonal judgment, but she did not get it, for Mrs. Edmunds had received an exactly similar note: "Robbins will in future be known as Miss Robbins." They discussed it from every angle.

Then Mrs. Sidney, the Vicar's wife, came hurrying up the garden path, and they could see she was flurried and distressed.

"Robbins will in future be known as Miss Robbins!" called out Mrs. Danby, who had a sense of humor.

"Oh dear!" said the Vicar's wife. "Have you had one, too?"

They had all had one. Mrs. Danby, Mrs. Gaymer-Smith, Mrs. Sidney, old Miss Weston, the Honourable Mrs. Viner, Miss Parker, the schoolmistress, Lady Sutcliffe. But not Miss Dodson, billeting officer for evacuees in the district. However, she was not resident in that village, so the omission was not noticed. All these notes had been written by Mrs. Cuffe-Walters in person and all delivered by hand. It would probably never be known by whose hand, since, it turned out, none of the recipients had caught a glimpse of the bearer; inconceivable that Mrs. Cuffe-Walters had sailed around with them herself, equally inconceivable that Robbins . . . It made Mrs. Sidney feel quite cold, she declared, to reflect how she might easily have said, "Ah, Robbins, is this from Mrs. Cuffe-Walters? Wait a minute, Robbins, till I see if there's an answer, and perhaps you can take it for me, Robbins, and save . . ." And then to have opened it and read *that!*

"What do we do about it?"

Etiquette could offer no precedent, but if Mrs. Cuffe-Walters wanted to make a show of this democracy business, they were not to be outdone. It was finally decided to give a sociable tea party at which the whole group should be present—"My house, if you like," said Mrs. Gaymer-Smith gruffly—and Mrs. Cuffe-Walters, and of course Miss Robbins, should be invited, quite casually, so as to make no one feel uncomfortable, and they would all address Miss Robbins often, so as to get themselves used to the New Order. "We might practice a bit now," suggested Mrs. Danby brightly, and she focussed a glare on Mrs. Sidney and said, "Miss Robbins, I'm sure I've seen you do drawn-thread work. Haven't I, Miss Robbins?"

"Don't," begged Mrs. Sidney, getting a little hysterical. "Don't, *don't*. I'll never remember." They had to soothe her with promises of strong tea, to be brought to her in relays, for support during the trial.

It *had* occurred to Miss Dodson, the billeting officer, that it was a pity she could not commandeer Mrs. Cuffe-Walters' opulent spare room, with its opulent double bed, for a rather rowdy East End family who were tricky to place, but Mrs. Cuffe-Walters pointed out that the room was not actually a spare room at all; she had no spare room, Miss Dodson had been misinformed—this was now Miss Robbins' bedroom. Nobody could expect Miss Robbins to have to go on sleeping in the attic bedroom under the roof, so hot in summer, so cold in winter. Some people had no consideration for their serv—for their friends, but Mrs. Cuffe-Walters hoped she was not one of those.

TWO years later "Miss Robbins" came so trippingly to the tongue that even Mrs. Sidney had nearly forgotten it had ever been otherwise.

They were going to raffle a beautiful bedspread Miss Robbins had made in drawn-thread Teneriffe work for the benefit of the Market St. Dunstans' Tank Fund. Tickets a shilling each. You could buy them at the village shop or at the Red Hart Inn or from Mrs. Danby or at the post office. The bedspread itself was displayed, coyly draped, in the post-office window, among the announcements of foot-and-mouth disease and pension rates. Miss Robbins was so proud of it that she invented any excuse to pass that way along the road and glance at it and then hurry on, humming as though nothing were further from her thoughts. Miss Robbins was a plain, modest little woman, but always, after she had passed the post office during that week of high tension, her step grew just a bit arrogant and she held her head high, knowing she was responsible for the eager hopes of all the village, high and low. Some took a dozen tickets, some only one; she had hovered on the outskirts of an argument by which Mr. Garnett of the Home Guard had tried to prove vehemently you had as good a chance with one ticket as with a dozen: "Matter of luck!" Miss Robbins hurried on, smiling a little. Luck. Luck was a shaft of light pointing straight at you

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through an opening in the clouds. Light and lovely luck.

She had had a drab life herself, scurrying about unobtrusively in the service of others until, of course, Mrs. Cuffe-Walters had started this new notion of making her an equal. Her father had been a ticket-collector; she was one of nine brothers and sisters. Her fate had not been especially tragic or sensational; she had never had a large legacy, for instance, or been betrayed by a Wicked Stranger in an Abandoned Mine. She was a pleasant little soul. She did her best. She believed in the old traditions. The ladies of Market St. Dunstans had been ever so nice to her since that tea party, to which Mrs. Gaymer-Smith had been ever so nice, too, to ask her, and Mrs. Cuffe-Walters had said of course she could go, and whyever not? Accepted her as one of themselves, they had. "It's the war, I expect. War's a wonderful—" Was it equalizer or fertilizer that someone on the wireless had said the war was?

During the quiet evenings while, for months, Miss Robbins had been working on the bedspread, Mrs. Cuffe-Walters had switched on the wireless. Best of all Miss Robbins enjoyed the speeches of the Prime Minister. "The Prime Minister, the Right Honourable Mr. Winston Churchill," and then his voice, like no other, intimate, thrilling, encouraging, mischievous, eloquent, talking to England, to the women of England, and especially to her, Miss Robbins, pulling demurely at the threads of her double bedspread. A pity he could not see her as she stirred and flushed. . . . In love with Winston Churchill. That was her secret.

And when at last the bedspread was finished and offered up for his Cause, she could not, though naturally humble in spirit, think of it as altogether unworthy. I mean—well, you only had to look at it, if you happened to be passing the post office.

And supposing Winston Churchill *should* happen to be passing the post office. Not so impossible. The papers told you he went all over the place, arriving suddenly, talking to his people, cheering them, seeing how things were done, accepting a piece of homemade cake. He was a leader, and leaders were like that nowadays. Well then, supposing—so her reverie skipped along its slippery, moonbeam way—supposing he saw the double bedspread in the window (a bit unusual for a post office, perhaps), and he stopped his car and went in to inquire, and hearing it was being raffled, exclaimed, "By Jove, I must have a ticket! Just what I need at home! Who knows, I might be lucky!" . . . Came the day of the great draw. Hundreds of tickets had been taken; everybody was there, hoping, hoping to win. . . . And then—Miss Robbins was breathless as her dream suddenly rose triumphant—and then it was *his* number drawn out of the bag, to the accompaniment of thundering cheers! "Of course, it's you who's got to take it down to Chequers, Miss Robbins!" they would all cry in kind chorus. So she did, and the Prime Minister met her in the hall—no, on the steps of his house—and he could hardly believe he had really won it. "And now, Miss Robbins," chucking aside a huge cigar, "you reely must come upstairs with me and help lay it out on the bed so's we can see together how beautiful it looks!"

The dream did not slowly fade away in a mist but at that point clicked off sharply, as it often does in the films.

"Happy Fiscal Year to you,
Happy Fiscal Year to you,
Happy Fiscal Year, dear J. B.,
Happy Fiscal Year to you."

THE day of the raffle came nearer and nearer. She held onto every moment of her glory; invented not only excuses to trot past the post office but to go inside and buy innumerable driblets of stamps, into the village shop too, and into the Red Hart. Miss Robbins was spiritually intoxicated; she *had* to be present to watch the raffle tickets being sold. Superstitious purchasers tried to insist on certain numbers or combinations of numbers: "Thirteen's never been unlucky for me," one of them would say. Miss Robbins had taken tickets herself, scrupulously one at each place where they were on sale, so that nobody should feel left out or slighted, for she was quite sure this gesture was demanded of her by something fine but obscure to do with noblemen who bless and oblige.

Market St. Dunstans caught the infection of Miss Robbins' excitement out of all seemly proportion to its cause. The very phrase had something faintly raffish about it: "Who's going to win Miss Robbins' double bedspread?" Soon they would know.

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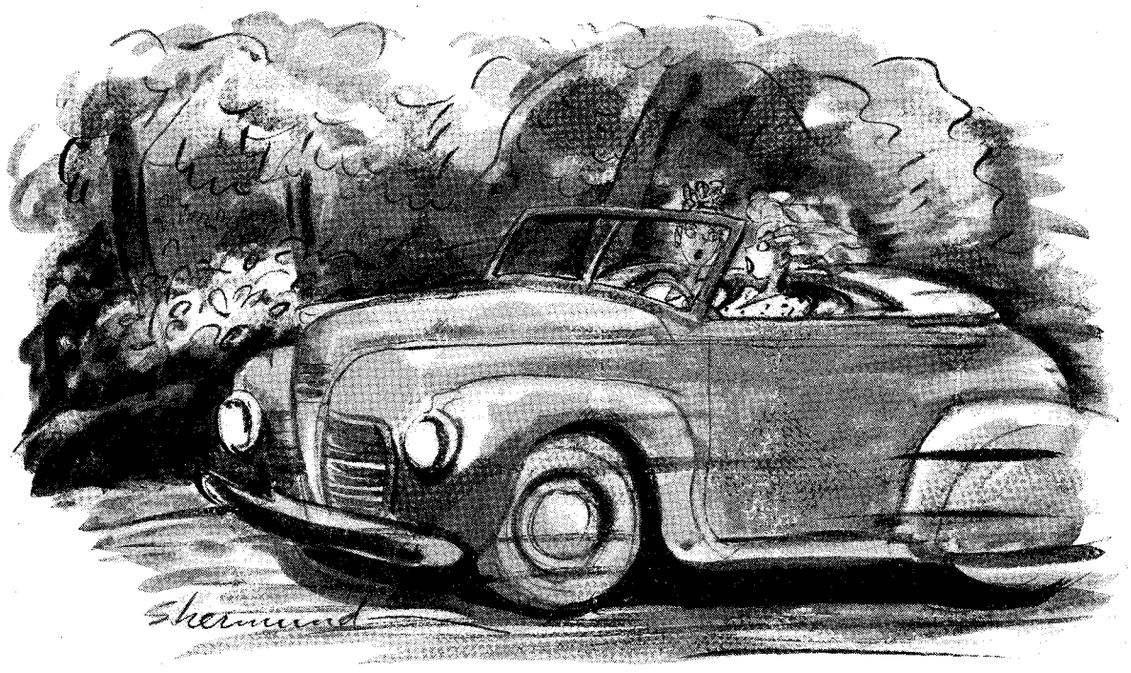

"Don't be a goon. Probably all he's after is your tires."

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The period of her retreat and dedication was over, and nearly over the period of accumulating suspense. Too late now for Mr. Winston Churchill; the lists were closed. The draw was today at noon at the Red Hart, when the flaxen-haired infant daughter of the proprietor was to plunge a chubby, undiscriminating fist into the bag of numbers and pull out the winner. Miss Robbins was the donor, the benefactress, the woman of England.

She usually wore suitable dumpy little garments she knitted herself. But for this occasion a dress had been bought, which she proudly called "my turkwuz." Not that it mattered what she wore; the eyes of Market St. Dunstans were fixed and staring, intent on the table, on the bag of tickets, on the bedspread itself, and on the hovering hand of the Red Hart brat.

Now. . . . Beryl-Rose fumbled and dragged out a ticket.

"Number one hundred and thirty-two!" her father trumpeted loudly.

At once the heads of the committee were tucked down to their lists, wildly hunting to see what name had been written beside the ticket No. 132. It felt like hours to those waiting to hear. At last they found it.

NEARLY ten days passed before Miss Robbins realized that the village did not share her innocent delight on discovering that she had won her own bedspread in the raffle. To her it had seemed an appropriate climax to the whole jubilant affair. "Just fancy!" she babbled, over and over again, and "I'm sure I never dreamt!" and "This is the first time I've won anything. It does make you think, doesn't it?" And, in somewhat incoherent reply to Mrs. Cuffe-Walters' stately congratulations, "What a good thing, isn't it, that it's a double bed in my room for me to lay it on and not two at opposite ends of the room, like some people prefer, though I'm sure I never should if it was me!" Elation had released all maidenly inhibitions.

Luck had singled her out with a shining finger. The bedspread was hers. She loved that bedspread. Mr. Winston Churchill? Well, you had to make a difference, after all, between what was true and what you had only, so to speak, played about with, foolish-like, in a daydream.

In the roads and in the gardens, the drawing rooms, and the cottage kitchens of Market St. Dunstans the talk spread and the talk clotted, hung about in little lumps of disappointment and frustration. Every one of the inhabitants who had bought a ticket or tickets would have been perfectly prepared to lose good-humoredly had it worked out in a decent, orthodox way. But, good heavens, didn't the woman know *anything?* Not even that the obvious, the *only* thing for her to have done was to have smiled and said instantly, "That doesn't count, of course. We'll have another draw. Go on, Beryl-Rose, it's not over yet." Had she no instincts, no traditions, no breeding, no code? None; she was brazen, her hide rhinoceros-thick. She had got her bedspread and that was all she cared about. In fact, why bother to have raffled it at all? She could have kept it from the start. Not she; wanted the importance as well. The village loudly expressed its disgust; the gentlefolk were more restrained and, probably because of that, more forbidding in their silences.

"Robbins will in future be known as Miss Robbins." This, you see, was what came of it.

Yet even now she did not realize her bitter disgrace. Judging others by herself, she still continued to believe they all rejoiced with her in her sparkling good fortune. Why could it be otherwise? She had been quite impartial; she had *not* purchased all her tickets at the Red Hart or all at the post office or all at the baker's or at the shop. Indeed, this was the very foundation of a rumor growing and spreading in Market St. Dunstans: that she had bought an enormous number of tickets stealthily—not all in one place, which might have been noticed too soon for her purpose. There was a rumor, too, that she had definitely wangled the draw so that she could not lose, so that Beryl-Rose of the Red Hart had no option but to pull out ticket No. 132 or one of the other, far too numerous tickets with the name of Emily Robbins written beside them on the lists. ("No, dear, I don't know *how*. I'm not a conjurer, am I? But these things *can* be done and, you take my word for it, it *was* done. If it had been just pure luck, she *would* have called for another draw, wouldn't she?")

"Pure luck," rippled Miss Robbins happily.

DISILLUSION did not come to her gradually but with a shock and a gasp and a blackening-out of the whole world. She stood waiting her turn to be served with her grocery ration on her first time out since that nasty cold

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which had kept her under the bedspread for the last ten days. (The cold was her own fault; she had had no right to wear her turkwuz on the day of the draw with that cutting east wind and no coat, and she scolded herself a little, but humorously, for her vanity.) How was it, she wondered now, that Mrs. Cuffe-Walters had not told her that another raffle had been started to aid the Tank Fund? A very minor raffle, of course, compared with hers; just a bottle of sherry and sixpenny tickets instead of a shilling. The donor, an American lady who had only lately come to reside in the village and did not know much local gossip or the local faces, was also in the shop. "How's it going, Miss Broadbent?" she said. "That's fine. I might as well buy a ticket just for the fun of it." And she added, laughing, "I can always tear it up, of course, *if* it should be the winning number in the draw."

"And that's more than most people—" said Miss Broadbent with ambiguous grimness, and stared at Miss Robbins.

So that was what she should have done. That was nobility's true bless and oblige. That was what Mr. Winston Churchill would have wished her to do as a woman of England.

How could she have known? They ought to teach you these things at school. How could she be expected to know? But Miss Robbins in her humility did not blame the fundamental cruelty of mankind. She had put herself outside the laws of decent society. No wonder, now she came to think of it, no one had congratulated her or expressed spontaneous pleasure at her good luck. Why, it was hardly even honest to have taken the bedspread.

For a little while she crept about, stunned, avoiding even the sight of her fellow-men. She did not think she could bear it. And she tormented herself with imagining over and over again how she should have said lightly, as though it were no effort at all, when the winner was announced, "Oh, but nechurly I shouldn't—I mean I only took a ticket for fun, to give the thing a shove-along, as you might say. Nechurly, we'll draw again. Go on, Beryl-Rose. Put your hand in the bag again, lovey."

And gradually she began to discover that the society of Market St. Dunstans, the very people who had received her so kindly and were so hospitable and patriotic and benevolent, were, in reality, as the fauna of a jungle, savage and strange. She did not belong to them. She had no real place among them. She had better go.

WHEN she went to take up her new job, a long way off in another part of England, she left the bedspread behind her in Mrs. Cuffe-Walters' spare bedroom. Mrs. Cuffe-Walters was majestically pleased. It looked very well there. A nuisance losing the cook-housekeeper who had served her for so many years, but perhaps a change was best under the circumstances.

At Miss Robbins' first interview with a prospective new employer, a Mrs. Wells-Sutcliffe, she was asked, "Do you prefer to be called Robbins or Emily?"

"Not neither," said Miss Robbins. And walked out. —G. B. STERN

THE TOWN THAT TRIES MEN'S SOULS

PHILADELPHIA—The Fairmount Park Commission refused permission today for a statue of Tom Paine to be erected in the park on the ground that "his writings indicated that he was an atheist."—*The Times.*

I give you the City of Brotherly Love,
The home of the Blue Law, the haunt of the Dove,
Where the Liberty Bell in a showcase resides,
With dents in the clapper and cracks in the sides.
There Sunday's reserved for the spirit that droops,
There all of the houses have similar stoops,
And there on the greensward no hero may perch
Who didn't belong to an orthodox church.

For Philadelphia,
Philadelphia,
  Has Standards to maintain,
And they wouldn't care
To pollute the Square
  With a statue of Th-m-s Pa-ne.

Ah, think of the gossip and think of the scandal
To bell and to book and municipal candle!
Consider the shock to a village so cloistered,
Whose train is the Pennsy, whose taverns are oystered.
The cricket clubs shiver, the Main Line is trembly,
While débutantes pale at the gilded Assembly
Lest Thomas the Doubter and Thomas the Dark
Should dare to invade a respectable park.

O Philadelphia,
Philadelphia,
  Her virtue is pearled and rubious,
And she swerves no jot
For a patriot
  With background a trifle dubious.

For Tom might star on historical lists,
But he didn't confide in the Calvinists;
He wasn't a Baptist, he wasn't a Shaker,
He certainly wasn't an affluent Quaker.
Doubtless his sentiments pleased the Lord,
But he never sat on a vestry board;
He seldom quoted from Chapter and Verse,
He didn't sprinkle, he didn't immerse.
His words were food for a hungering nation,
But where's the letter from his congregation?

So they mustn't encourage his like again
In the city founded by William Penn.

—PHYLLIS MCGINLEY

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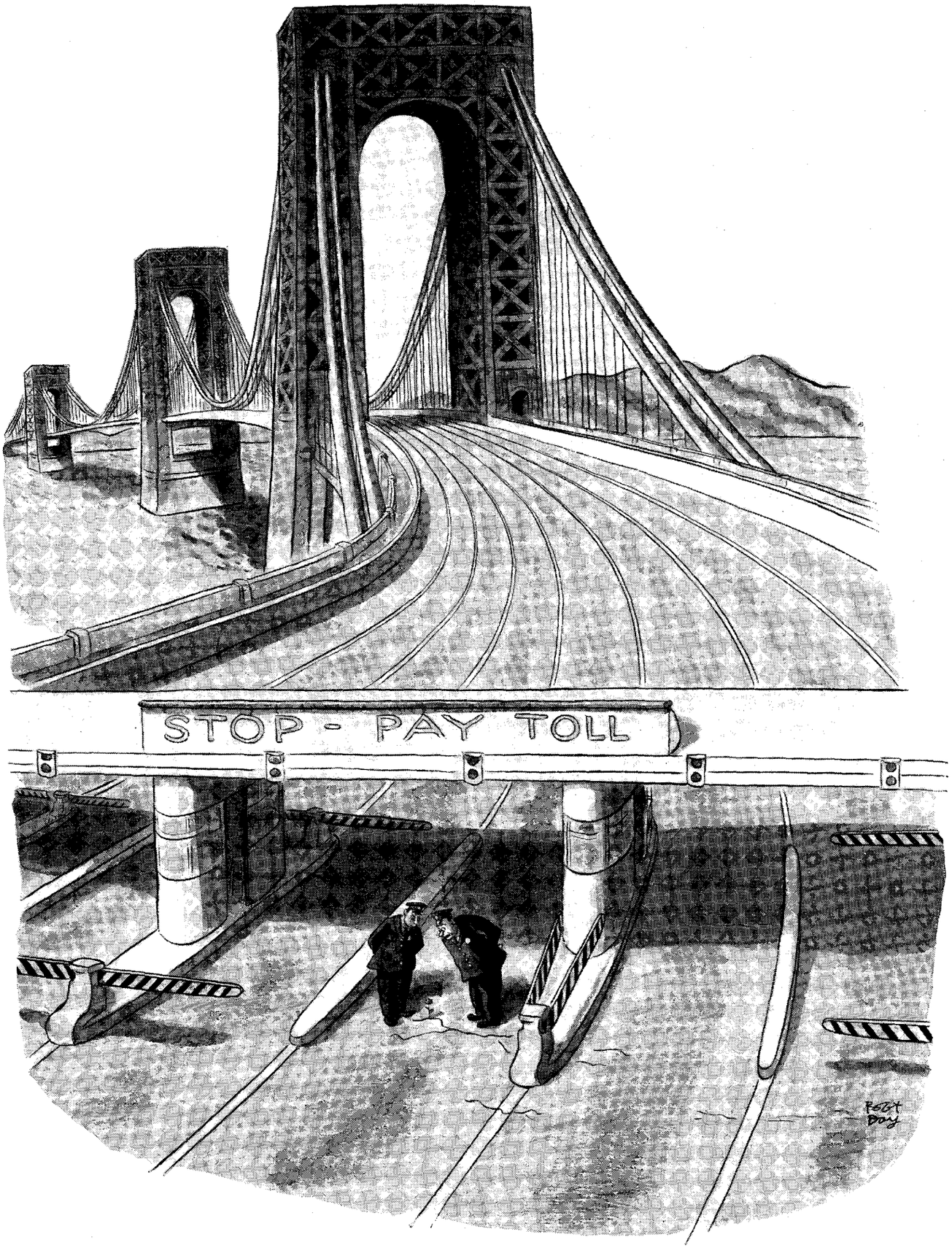

"Well, it looks like a buttercup to me."

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PROFILES

HOME OF REFINED DANCING

LOUIS BRECKER, the owner of Roseland, probably the most famous dance hall in the world, is inclined to think that he got where he is (Fifty-first and Broadway) on his sense of decorum. A fastidious man who dearly loves a propriety, he has, in the twenty-three years since he opened Roseland, gradually formulated a dance-hall protocol as circumscribed as that of a court levee. The very words "dance hall" make Brecker queasy. He insists that the proper designation of Roseland, the most profitable of his several enterprises, which include three dance halls and an indoor ice-skating rink, is "The Roseland Ballroom-Café, the Home of Refined Dancing." Nothing hurts him more than to hear it mentioned in the same breath with the ordinary, inelegant taxi-dance halls where the only customers are men, who must pay for their partners at the rate of ten cents a dance. Roseland maintains a token corps of thirty taxi-dancers but is primarily an "open" dance hall, which means that it admits both men and women, who may dance with each other without any cost except the admission. Moreover, Brecker does not recognize the term "taxi-dancer" any more than a mortician recognizes the term "undertaker." He refers to his girls as hostesses or, preferably, dance instructresses. He requires, too, that they be ladies first and accomplished dancers second. The term "bouncer," good usage in dance halls the country over, is another one he disdains. Roseland prefers to employ six faultlessly dinner-jacketed "housemen."

Brecker is in a business which is always being investigated by one civic group or another, but these niceties have won him a good many official compliments. Throughout the twenties and thirties, the New York scene was dotted with lady investigators—social-welfare workers, clubwomen, policewomen—padding about among its six to seven hundred dance halls disguised as rakehells. Their reports to the Mayor's office were lexicons of sin. Of the old St. Nicholas Palace on West Sixty-sixth Street it was noted that the musicians had to be hidden behind potted palms to shield them from flying bottles. When one policewoman tried to reason with a drunkard in a Flatbush dance hall, the proprietor hit her over the head with the cashbox. A visit to the Cabin Dancing Academy on Fourteenth Street disclosed some of the girls dancing in rompers, a gin bottle abandoned in the middle of the dance floor, and a loaded revolver in the manager's office. One Harlem taxi-dance hall displayed a sign urging its lady customers to check their corsets in the dressing room. What particularly shocked the investigators were the dances, such as the camel walk, in which the dancers rested their heads on each other's shoulders and rocked back and forth in a kind of moronic coma; the balconnades, which involved a series of maniacal swoops; and three deviations from the waltz known as the chicken scratch, the puppy's tail, and walkin' the dog. Many dance halls, one investigator revealed, had red lights which were flashed above the floor at the approach of the police, a warning to the dancers to resume conventional positions. For Roseland, however, the investigators always had a word of approval. Everyone seemed to agree with Brecker that it was the home of refined dancing.

BRECKER'S manner toward anyone he meets for the first time is that of a credit manager appraising a loan risk. A trim, brisk man of forty-four, standing five feet six and weighing a hundred and fifty pounds, he dresses completely in custom clothes. His shirts cost eight dollars, his shoes thirty-five, and his fifteen suits, all conservative double-breasted models, a hundred and forty-five. Younger-looking than his years, he keeps fit on a strict regime of diet and exercise. Three times a week he plays a determined game of squash at the Gotham Health Club on West Fifty-fourth Street. When Brecker gets excited about something, he pops his eyes, a mannerism which gives him a resemblance to Eddie Cantor. The resemblance ends there. He rarely tells jokes and the banter of his Broadway associates makes him uneasy. Although he spends most of his life on Broadway, he is not socially a part of it. He is married to a tall, dignified woman who, like himself, is the product of a conservative, middle-class Philadelphia home. An amateur pianist, Mrs. Brecker represents the serious side of the family's interest in music and goes to most of the important recitals at Town Hall and Carnegie Hall. She is also an indefatigable committee woman. They have two children—a seventeen-year-old daughter, who attends Rosemary Hall in Greenwich, and a twenty-year-old son, a junior at Yale—and divide the year between an eight-room apartment on Central Park West and a house in Great Neck. Brecker's closest friends are Dr. Emanuel Stern, the surgeon; Henry Dreyfuss, the industrial designer; and David Loew, the son of Marcus Loew. Since the depression years, when Brecker lost heavily in the stock market, Loew has been a one-third partner in all of Brecker's enterprises.

Brecker is not a man of highly diverse tastes. For a hobby, he collects books and manuscripts on dancing. His library contains the manuscript of a Weber waltz and a letter written by a Polish countess in the seventeenth century and containing the first known description of the mazurka. He is constantly searching for old and obscure regional dances to popularize by means of demonstrators and instructors at Roseland. So far none of his efforts to revive such esoterica as the *Schleifer*, an ancient folk dance of the Austrian Tyrol, have caught on. On evenings when he's not working he likes nothing better than to go dancing himself. He and Mrs. Brecker learn the new dances as fast as they appear. He is partial to Latin-American rhythms, especially the rumba. He scorns swing and boogie-woogie and leans toward the sweet music of Jerome Kern, Irving Berlin, and Peter Ilich Tchaikovsky. He never dances at Roseland; the idea of a man's enjoying himself in his own dance hall strikes him as indelicate. His favorite spots are the Stork Club and the Copacabana.

ALTOGETHER, Brecker spends most of his waking hours within the sound of dance music. Always on

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the lookout for promising new bands to present in his three dance halls, he keeps a portable radio beside his bed, a radio in his Buick sedan, and a sixteen-tube Philco radio-phonograph in his office. About nine in the morning, when he wakes up, and again about three in the morning, when he retires, he switches on the portable and listens in briefly all around the dial. After breakfast he takes a taxi down to Broadway, the radio going full blast. His first stop is usually at the Gay Blades, his ice-skating rink, on West Fifty-second Street. Never quite able to bring himself to leave routine details entirely to his employees, he nervously putters around the ice-making machinery, inspects the food counter, and checks the morning's attendance figure. From the Gay Blades he goes down the street to Roseland. Every few months he makes a trip to Boston, where he and Loew own a ballroom called the Roseland State Ballroom, and twice a year he visits Hollywood to look over a ballroom called the Palladium, in which they have a thirty-per-cent interest.

Brecker ordinarily reaches his office, on the floor above Roseland, at about noon. He is likely to plunge joyously into a series of conferences with plumbers, carpenters, decorators, mechanics, and his executive staff. He dotes on conferences. He not only has conferences; he has conferences on whether to have a conference. To discuss the refurbishing of a fountain that had stood in Roseland for twenty years, he once held some thirty conferences in a period of six months. Brecker wanted to breed goldfish in it. Before he was through he called in for consultation an ichthyologist, who, with scientific detachment, suggested that the patrons might flick cigarette ashes into the water and kill them. Somebody else figured out that the patrons would spend more time admiring the fish than dancing. Finally Brecker decided, at a conference, to remove the fountain.

In addition to conferences, Brecker's average day may include a band audition or two and at least one more tour of Gay Blades. If he does not go home for dinner, he changes his shirt in his office, shaves with an electric razor, and dines alone at one of the Broadway hotels. If he is satisfied that the band playing there is up to scratch, he may invite its leader over to his table for a conference about a possible Roseland booking. At midnight he makes an inspection of Roseland, which at that hour is in full swing. Before going home he usually stops at Lindy's, where he eats a sturgeon sandwich and keeps an ear cocked for the latest gossip about bands.

ROSELAND's foyer and box office, a radiance of glass and chromium in the otherwise drab façade of a seven-story, dirt-brown building, face west on Broadway just north of the Capitol Theatre, which is on the other side of the street. Among the building's other tenants are the H. H. Zlotnick Flute Studio, the Abdallah Acrobatic Baton Swinging School, La Sylphe Dancing School, Robert McGirr's Billiard Academy, and Beautilash Eyelashers. Admission tickets to Roseland are fifty-five cents for women and sixty-five for men on Monday and Tuesday nights, when only one band plays and the hours are nine to one; rise to sixty-five and seventy-five Wednesday through Friday, two-band nights lasting until one-thirty; and reach a top of seventy-five and eighty-five Saturday and Sunday, which

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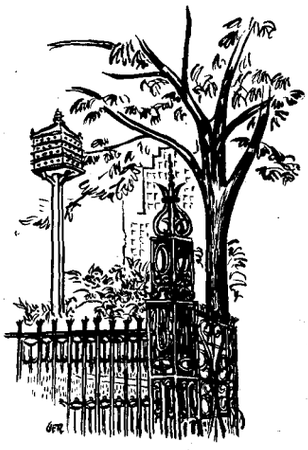
are also two-band, one-thirty nights. On Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday, there are fifty-cent matinées.

A flight of lushly carpeted stairs leads from the street up to the ballroom, which runs the entire length of the block between Broadway and Seventh Avenue and almost half the length between Fifty-first and Fifty-second Streets. People accustomed to night-club life often find the atmosphere slightly phantasmal. The ceiling is hung with dark-blue muslin studded with tiny electric bulbs to give a night-sky effect. The room is lit by neon lamps, graduating in shade from deep pink to lemon yellow. In their dim rays knots of patrons drift to and from the dance floor with a curiously delicate air, fluorescing a bit as they go. In the rear is a café section consisting of two food-and-drink bars and a number of tables. Roseland serves only soft drinks, beer, and Grenay. Grenay is a mysterious, sweetish, very lightly alcoholic, carbonated brew, which Roseland's waiters have been decanting with a flourish into long-stemmed wine-glasses as far back as anybody can remember. Brecker describes it as a "champagne beer." "We serve it," he explains, "to capture the café atmosphere."

Since our entrance into the war, Roseland has done the biggest business in its history, playing close to capacity, which is thirty-eight hundred, nearly every weekend night. It is Brecker's impression that the first thing servicemen on leave want to do is dance, and some nights as many as a fourth of his male patrons are soldiers, sailors, and Marines. Brecker was recently appointed chairman of the National Ballroom Committee of the Navy Relief Society, which is at present staging benefit dances in every ballroom in the country. Of Roseland's civilian clientele, both male and female, the majority are steady patrons in the lower-salaried white-collar class. On their behalf, Brecker has fixed his closing time at one-thirty instead of four, the legal closing hour. "I wouldn't want them to be inefficient at their desks in the morning," he says. "Besides, they might get too tired to come back the next night." About forty per cent of the male patrons are transients who fall into such familiar genera as college sophomores, out-of-towners who have placed Roseland on their list of landmarks to be visited, and elderly gentlemen who like to surround themselves with hostesses, sometimes buying out the entire platoon for the evening and holding a soirée in the café section. Roseland is also the training school for one of New York's sub-professions, the semi-pro dancers. Several of the West Side night clubs make a practice of sprucing themselves up by hiring, for a dollar or two a night, young couples who know how to dance well, look bright, and wear clothes with a dash, to impersonate customers. To keep in form, the semi-pros hang around Roseland, competing in its weekly dance contests (Tuesday the rumba, Friday the waltz, Sunday the tango) for money prizes and giving exhibitions and free dancing lessons to the patrons. The highest ambition of the semi-pro is to win a prize in the *Daily News*' annual Harvest Moon Ball at Madison Square Garden and open a dancing school on the strength of it.



ROSELAND decorum achieves its highest expression in Miss Florence Forder, the chaperon of the hostesses. A tightly laced blonde widow with the sharply curving chin and nose of Punch, Miss Forder wears her gentility like a tiara. She was born in Kent, England, went to work for Roseland eighteen years ago to help out as a cashier during a busy holiday season, married a pianist in the band playing there, and left to make a world jazz-concert tour with him. He died some years afterward and she returned to Roseland to become its arbiter of feminine elegance. Under her tutelage the life of a hostess is a continual adjustment of the book of etiquette to the economics of dime-a-dancing. Evening dress is *de rigueur*, but the dress can be cut no lower than the top of the sternum in front and the uppermost lumbar vertebra in back. Full-length sleeves are encouraged. Satin gowns have been taboo ever since Mrs. Brecker dropped in one evening and remarked, "They are slinky." Patrons occasionally bring liquor with them, hiding the bottle under the table in pre-repeal fashion, but no hostess may join her companion in any drink stronger than Grenay. Gum-chewing is frowned upon even in the hostesses' dressing room. The hostesses are warned never to consort with any patron or male employee off the premises, though in practice almost all of them do and many wind up by marrying one, having taken the job in the first place with just such an event in mind.

In contrast to taxi-dancers, who hurl themselves at a prospective patron like maenads, the Roseland hostess sits primly aloof, hands folded in lap, on a roped-off dais (in hostess vernacular, the concentration camp, pen, or meatbox), and may not so much as smile at a patron unless he singles her out, timecard in hand. A timecard costs a dollar and forty cents and entitles the patron either to sit or dance with a hostess for an unbroken half hour. Single-dance tickets are ten cents, but to engage a hostess for only one dance, which lasts exactly three minutes, is considered distinctly boorish by the hostesses, who in one way or another discourage men from attempting it a second time. A hostess receives seventy cents out of each dollar and gets a minimum weekly guarantee of twenty-five dollars. In boom times, when most patrons tipped handsomely, a hostess made more than a hundred dollars a week. Nowadays she averages between thirty and forty. Each hostess tries to build up a clientele by thoughtful attention to masculine interests and hobbies. Many hostesses read books in order to increase their conversational range.

Miss Forder stands vigil near the dais, and, after a male patron has made his selection, insists upon effecting an introduction, always discreetly omitting the man's name. It is a rule that as long as he is sober and orderly, the hostess must accept him. The seasoned patron is likely to step boldly up to the dais and pay no attention to Miss Forder, but not if she can help it. She regards the use of unrefined language by a patron as a cardinal offense and has disliked reporters ever since the *Mirror* quoted her in an interview as using the words "lousy" and "guts." "I didn't sleep for a week," she says. Servicemen are likely to be rather informal and their presence in Roseland sometimes places a strain upon Miss Forder. Not long ago a sailor who knew no better called out to her, "Hey, kid, run up to the checkroom and fetch my pea jacket!" With some effort, Miss Forder limited herself to a cool stare. "If it wasn't for the war," she says, "I would have let him have it."

Patrons are subject to rules scarcely less restrictive than those affecting the hostesses. Some customers, it appears, have a penchant for dancing in winter-

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"I got so much out of your little talk. When the war is over, I'm going to give an enormous party, and I want you to come."

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time with their overcoats on. This is flatly prohibited. In warm weather the box office keeps a supply of ten-cent neckties on hand, and open-collared men are not admitted unless they agree to buy and wear one. Restrained shagging is permitted on the dance floor, but no Lindy Hopping or any other dance calling for spectacular *pas seuls*. This is as much for safety as appearances, since a lady Lindy Hopper once fell and broke her arm, an accident which cost Brecker $250 in doctors' bills.

Unlike bouncers in the ordinary dance hall, who stand rooted in the centre of the floor, Roseland's housemen mingle inconspicuously among the guests. They are forbidden to raise their voices, however provocative the patron. Brecker believes that a simple appeal to a disorderly man's better nature will usually shame him into leaving quietly. For crises, a number of techniques have been perfected. Luring the offender through one of the exits to answer a non-existent telephone call is one. Another, employed only in extreme cases, involves the synchronized efforts of three housemen. The first seizes one of the offender's arms, the second his

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"Just about this time we'd be getting those American schoolteachers."

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other arm, and the third his coat collar. This well-integrated group then proceeds at a seemly pace to the box office, where the patron's price of admission is refunded, and thence to the sidewalk, where he is quietly released. Brecker is not above handling a ticklish situation himself. Patriotically enough, he has brought himself to believe that servicemen can do no wrong, and to those who become too high-spirited he applies special treatment. Pressing two or three dollars upon them, he says, "I happen to own the bar on the ground floor. Why not enjoy a few drinks there as my guest?" There is a bar on the ground floor, but Brecker does not own it.

DECORUM notwithstanding, Brecker has never been a man to fall out of step with the times, and throughout the twenties he put on many publicity stunts which were something less than decorous. "The best people were going in for that sort of thing," he says now in self-justification. It was Brecker who brought marathon dancing to its fullest flower. The origin of this mass psychic disturbance is as much in dispute as Homer's birthplace. Perhaps the soundest of the historians say it all began with a French university student named Besulterosy, who in April of 1923 proclaimed that he had danced continuously for thirty-three hours in Strasbourg. A London dance team shortly afterward cracked this record by one hour. The spark then jumped the Atlantic and touched off a Miss Alma Cummings, a young Texan who attributed her powers of endurance to a vegetable diet. Miss Cummings fox-trotted for twenty-seven consecutive hours in the Audubon Ballroom on upper Broadway, first with a partner and then, after his collapse, alone. Soon marathons were being run off in almost every large city in the country, and nobody could retain title to the world's championship longer than a day or two. The record stood at sixty-nine hours when Brecker grasped the possibilities of the fashion. He invited all the country's leading aspirants to the championship to compete for a silver loving cup in a fox-trot marathon at Roseland. "It was a wonderful event," he recalls. "We even had the *Times* reporter sleeping on the premises."

The dance floor was cleared and nine teams got off to a whirling start at midnight of April 24, 1923. Food carts were soon being wheeled around the floor so that the contestants could munch as they danced. At about 2 A.M. one man shaved while dancing; his partner held up a mirror. By about 3 A.M. the band had worn itself out, and a phonograph was substituted. An hour or so later, Mayor John F. Hylan, egged on by a violent editorial in the Brooklyn *Times*, had his Police Commissioner, Richard Enright, intervene. Enright called Brecker's attention to an obscure penal statute limiting endurance contests to twelve hours. Undaunted, Brecker dashed down to Sheepshead Bay, chartered a sixty-foot sloop, the Josephine, and told the captain to hold himself in readiness to sail beyond the three-mile limit and Enright's jurisdiction. As the sun rose over Broadway, the eighteen marathoners danced out of Roseland, boarded a van, and, gyrating all the way, rode down to the Josephine, which Brecker had rechristened the Roseland. To take care of anyone who might cave in, he sent along a physician and, as a nurse, a hostess who had been an attendant in an insane asylum. Just outside the three-mile limit, the sloop ran into a heavy sea. Later in the day the Brooklyn *Times* received a remorseful telegram from Brecker, who had prudently stayed ashore, saying, "HAVE JUST RECEIVED HORRIBLE REPORT OF SUFFERING FROM OUR PHYSICIAN AND MANAGER ON BOARD SHIP ROSELAND. WE HAVE WIRED SHIP TO STOP DANCERS AT ONCE. INHUMAN TO CONTINUE. MAY RESULT IN PERMANENT PHYSICAL INJURY AND POSSIBLE MENTAL DISABILITY." The telegram to the ship was superfluous. The Roseland, née Josephine, by then a floating clinic, was already heading home.

The following year Brecker brought off what he still considers his most inspired stunt. He advertised a purse of $200 for a young couple "really in love" and willing to be married at Roseland in a public jazz wedding. A Jersey City accountant named Wagner turned up on a motorcycle with his fiancée, a Miss Bott, in the sidecar. Wagner wanted an advance, and Brecker agreed to pay him the full $200 on condition that he leave the motorcycle as security. Brecker then advertised for a minister. For $50 he obtained the services of the Reverend Dr. William G. Klett, pastor of Brooklyn's Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Mediator. The ceremony took place about a week later before three thousand spectators, each of whom paid a dollar and ten cents admission. At a signal, a battery of klieg lights went on, four newsreel cameras began turning, and the betrothed couple sashayed awkwardly across the dance floor to the "Lohengrin" wedding march, syncopated by

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JUNE
25
1942

Think back— how long since you made movies of your family?

YOU were going to get a lot of wonderful movies of the family this spring. But look back. Have you made any this week? Did you make any last?

We get swamped in the little things of life. We let the big things slide. Home movies are one of the big things—for they give us a living record of our loved ones that becomes more and more precious every year.

NOW is the right time to get those movies of Mother and Father and the children—today—this week. Get out your Ciné-Kodak—bring your movie record up-to-date. Load up now at your Ciné-Kodak dealer's.

• • •

BEHIND YOUR CINÉ-KODAK, a "movie-wise" Ciné-Kodak dealer . . . to see to it that your Ciné-Kodak is always in perfect picture-taking trim—to help you choose your films correctly, to coach you at every step . . . shooting, editing, titling, projecting. Consult your Ciné-Kodak dealer, and he'll make you a better movie maker . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Life is a movie—**CINÉ-KODAK** keeps it all

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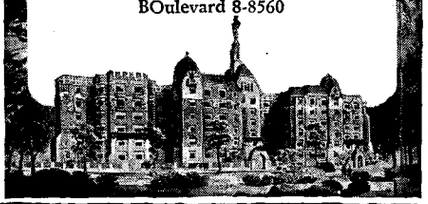

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two bands. Next came twenty pairs of bridesmaids and grooms, shaking their shoulders, and twenty pirouetting flower girls in ballet skirts. The rear was brought up by a small, semi-naked boy intended to represent Cupid, who danced the shimmy. The Reverend Dr. Klett, who refused to dance while reading the good book on the ground that it might look undignified, then performed the ceremony. Asked later what he thought about jazz weddings, he said, "They are no different from the other kind where the party adjourns to a hotel to dance. I do not think, however, that they will become a social fad." Up to two or three years ago, at least, the Wagners were still married and came back to Roseland occasionally for an evening of nostalgia, but they then dropped out of sight. Brecker feels that no other Roseland affair quite achieved the éclat of the Bott-Wagner wedding, though he did what he could to top it. Among other things, he staged a sneezing contest for hay-fever victims, a series of female prizefights, and an exhibition of yo-yo by the world's champion.

BRECKER attributes his love of the refined to his upbringing. He was born in Philadelphia in 1898, the youngest of three sons. His father was a dry-goods broker who admired the conventions. Early in life Brecker decided to become a millionaire. On the theory that a knowledge of accounting would give him a running start, he majored in this subject at the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania. His family was in modest circumstances and he earned his tuition by selling newspapers. As a young man, Brecker loved to dance, especially in genteel surroundings. His idols were Vernon and Irene Castle. In 1916, when the Castles were appearing at the Grand Central Palace, New York's first respectable dance hall, Brecker came here to see them. He was disappointed because, although the place was respectable enough, it was not gay. Its forty-piece Italian brass band, with a repertoire consisting largely of waltzes, struck him as funereal. Elsewhere in New York, however, the term "dance hall" was pretty much of a euphemism. "In such places," he says today, "you felt as if you were treading on evil ground." Months of scandalized treading convinced him that what the American public needed was a dance hall, featuring good ragtime, where a man could safely take his own mother. While still twenty and a junior at Wharton, Brecker persuaded a wealthy brewer he knew to back a dance hall in Philadelphia. The brewer put up $20,000 in return for a fifty-per-cent interest. Brecker rented a loft in the heart of Philadelphia's amusement district, festooned it with artificial roses, and called it Roseland, a name donated by a lyrical friend in the carpet business, who told him, "I always name my new patterns after something in nature." Within six months the brewer had his investment back. Certain, if indeed he had ever doubted it, that respectability and profits were not mutually exclusive, Brecker decided to branch out in New York. With $40,000 more from the brewer, he opened his second Roseland here.

The grand première was set for New Year's Eve of 1919. An enterprising press agent cajoled promises out of Florenz Ziegfeld, Will Rogers, and Tod Sloan, the jockey, to put in an appearance. Dazzled by the prospect of rubbing shoulders with these celebrities, dancing to two bands, and meeting two hundred hostesses, a queue formed four abreast early in the afternoon and soon stretched clear around the block to Seventh Avenue. As it swelled to several thousand, a detachment of mounted policemen arrived to keep order. By nine o'clock the box office had to be closed. The money poured in so fast that it was simply dumped uncounted into a safe. Not until the following week did the housemen get around to carting the first few days' take to a bank, where the president himself solemnly counted it. It came to $18,000. Since that happy day Roseland has not missed a single matinée or evening, despite five complete renovations, the relaying of the dance floor three times, a flood caused by an erratic sprinkler system, and a fire. What happened during the fire is as good an example as any of the enchantment which Roseland casts over its patrons. It broke out in the Majestic Luncheonette on the ground floor and soon sent smoke shooting up through the ceiling. Throughout the fire the band merely played as loudly as possible, to drown out the noise of the firemen's axes below. The patrons, choking a little, went right on dancing. —JOHN KOBLER

•

COLLEGE STUDIES
STUDENT BENEFITS

WILLIAMS FINDS SENIORS ARE
BETTER INFORMED THAN
WHEN THEY ENTERED

—Headlines in the Times.

Makes it all seem worth while, somehow.

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OF ALL THINGS

AMERICAN bombers showed excellent marksmanship in their battle with Italian warships. It takes a real sharpshooter to hit the Duce's navy these days.

•

Hitler's war against Russia is now more than a year old. The Führer thought it would be terribly simple but it turned out to be simply terrible.

•

Americans are told that Adolf Hitler is genuinely fond of children. He must love orphans because he has made so many of them.

•

Everybody approves the appointment of Elmer Davis as head of the Office of War Information. He will give us the right answers if he can, but no encyclopedias if he is stumped.

•

The Gallup poll shows that the Democrats would gain seats in Congress if the election were held now. People still cling to the old idea that a Republican's place is in the home.

•

The government as yet has no rule against political forecasts. In New York, therefore, the relations between Messrs. Willkie and Dewey may be described as partly cloudly and continued cool.

•

It is generally assumed that Japan will soon make an attack upon Siberia. Tokio feels that its good Russian neighbors should have something to take their minds off their troubles.

•

There is talk of a growing shortage of repair parts for automobiles, but the situation is not alarming. Drivers will be expected to display enough stamps and stickers to hold the average car together.

•

New York justifiably complains that it is not getting its share of war contracts. The government does not seem to want anything of us except money and old rubber.

•

The Erie Railroad has declared a dividend on its common stock for the first time in seventy-six years. There is no longer any reverence for the mellow old traditions. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

STEP 1. *Composition is outlined with transparent china ink on white gesso ground.*

STEP 2. *Gesso ground is covered with lightly painted colors in egg tempera.*

STEP 3. *Oil varnish glazes are painted over tempera colors, while details are also painted.*

STEP 4. *Final enriching glazes with full detail painting completes the picture.*

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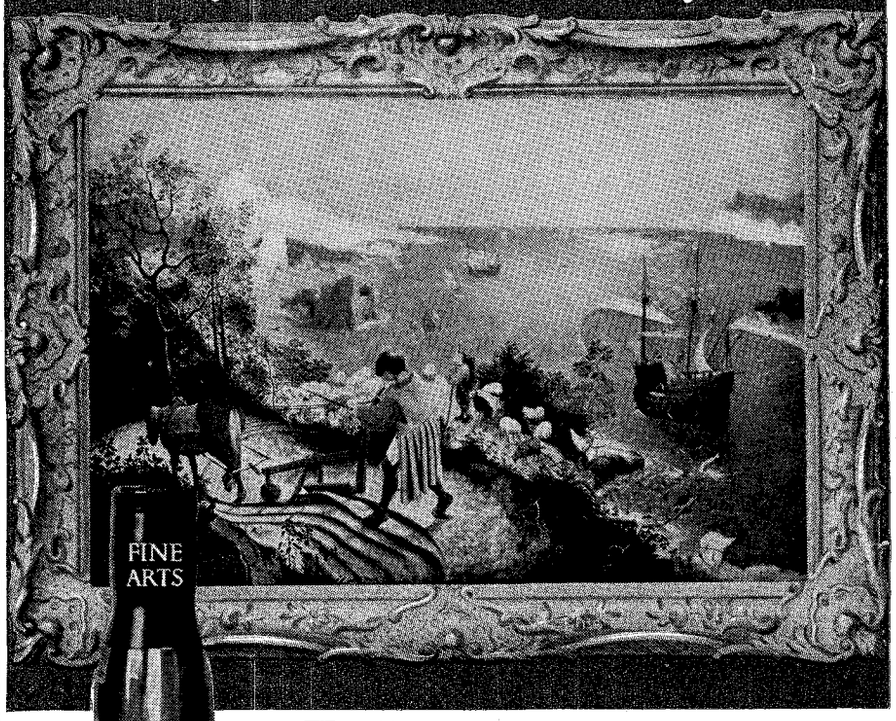

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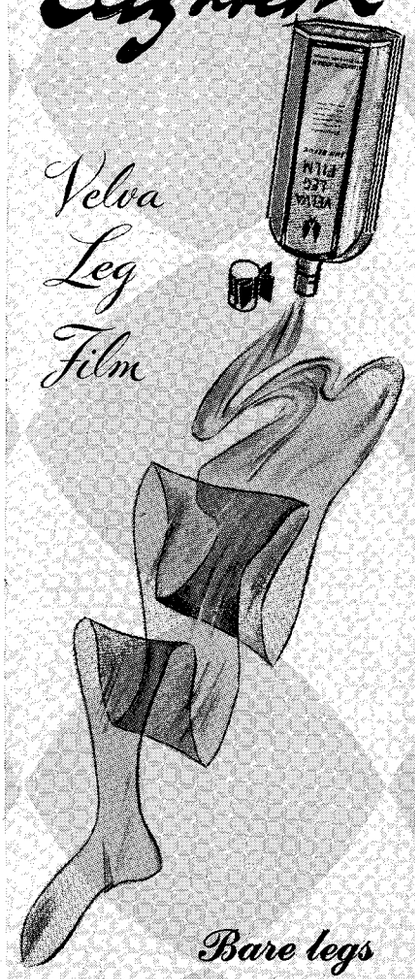
Elizabeth Arden

Velva Leg Film



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MEXICAN MISHAP

THE problem of adapting a conventional mystery story to the stage has often proved too much for the best theatrical minds, and it did again last week, when "The Cat Screams," by Basil Beyea out of Todd Downing, turned up at the Martin Beck. The original book, which I happen to have read once on a train, is typical of the works that suburban matrons get out of the lending library to tide them over an empty weekend. The plot is intricate and profuse, the writing not hard to follow, and the Mexican locale interesting and, I'm sure, reasonably authentic. It remains, however, a form of entertainment better suited to a hammock than a theatre.

What went on in the *pension* at La Jorta more or less defies synopsis. The characters included an elderly nuisance and his young wife; a couple of anthropologists, rather on the dull side; a sinister physician; a novelist who gave me no especial feeling of confidence; a cracked spinster who admired Rupert Brooke; and several picturesque natives. There was also a Siamese cat, which, while unquestionably genuine in the first act, was considerably less convincing when it appeared for its big emotional scene at the end of the second. There you had a stuffed cat if ever I saw one. From nine to eleven, this cast busied itself with murder, suicide, dope, adultery, and a good deal of vague talk about nothing in particular. At one point there was some scientific discussion about the rats of Norway, who swim out each year and drown themselves in the North Sea, but as this passage appears practically verbatim in a book called "The Rats of Norway," by Keith Winter, I was not as impressed as I might have been. The last-act solution of all these dark shenanigans was as highhanded and unlikely as anything I can remember since the tomb scene in "Romeo and Juliet."

The actors who peopled Mr. Beyea's odd cheese dream deserve, I think, some special reward for the courage and competence with which they went about their preposterous errands. On the opening night the audience was clearly in a jocular mood and chuckled heartily over each new corpse. In spite of this discouraging reception, however, the cast gave no indication that its heart wasn't in its work, or even that it was aware that Mr. Beyea is not Shakespeare. Employed in various rôles, all fairly thankless, I observed Herbert Yost, Doris Nolan, Lloyd Gough, and Lea Penman. They had my sympathy, as did John Root, whose set was a good deal more interesting than anything that took place in it.

—Wolcott Gibbs

• •

THEY CANNOT GET ENOUGH

Once water quenched their thirst, food dulled their hunger.
For days, last summer, trying to keep cool,
They swam and tired of swimming in this pool:
She was a tomboy then, and he was younger.

The year that changed the world has changed their ages:
They cannot get enough of what they've got—
This water that is cool, this air that's hot,
Sham battles that she watches and he wages—

They cannot get enough. . . . She leads, he follows
Onto the springboard; with convulsive grace
Plunges to the reflection of her face,
His thirst inflamed by water that he swallows.

—Marion Strobel

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NEWSREEL

LATE one afternoon, not long ago, I stopped at a movie house on Eighty-sixth Street. The picture proved to be disappointing right from the start and I was about to leave when two girls sat down in the empty row directly in front of me.

"Now, you listen here, Edith," one of them whispered after they were seated, "if you got me all the way down here on a wild-goose chase, I'm gonna be sore as a boil. It wouldn't be so bad if it was a good movie, but everybody says it's terrible, and I only came because you got Ma and Pa all worked up and they made me."

"Please, Joan, don't let's go through all that again," the other girl said. "Just wait and see, will you? I tell you, it *was* Jack."

"You're always seeing people, anyway," Joan said. "Last week, down in Gimbels, you thought that good-lookin' fella was Wayne Morris, and it turned out to be a floorwalker."

"Well," Edith said, "I mighta been wrong about him, but I do know Jack when I see him. There he was, with another fella, looking at this funny little animal. Of course, I've never seen Jack in a uniform before, and he was shaved, and I generally didn't see him when he was shaved, but just the same—"

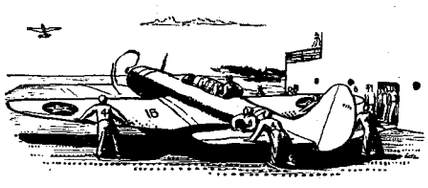
"What are you doing, casting reflections on my brother?" Joan asked. "What if he didn't shave every day? It didn't make any difference, driving a truck, did it? He delivered the goods—that's all he got paid for. And if it means scarin' the Japs any, I hope he hasn't shaved since he enlisted."

"All right, all right. I'm not uttering another syllable," Edith said, "I'm only sorry now we didn't make a bet. The picture'll be over in about fifteen minutes and then you can see for yourself. First you only see his back, then he turns around and faces the camera. He tries to be graceful and sort of easy, and he gets out a cigarette and lights it."

"Which hand did he use?" Joan asked.

"Why, how in the world would I notice a thing like that? Really, I wish I hadn't ever mentioned it. Now, which hand *would* he use?"

"Not his right one," Joan said promptly. "You think you know so



TABLOID TELEPHONE TOURS

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HOWARD LINDSAY and RUSSEL CROUSE present
ARSENIC AND OLD LACE
A new Comedy by JOSEPH KESSELRING
with BORIS KARLOFF
FULTON, W. 46 St. Evgs. 8:40. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40
Air-Conditioned

much about Jack, recognizing him when he's twelve thousand miles away, and all the times you've seen him here in real life you've never even noticed he's left-handed. Now, if you'd told me this was a left-handed fella, I mighta been a little more hopeful. But you got us all worked up about nothing. Ma'll die of disappointment. If it was really Jack, at least she'd know he got to Australia safe."

THE picture dragged—it was an atrocity in Technicolor—but finally it ended and a newsreel went on.

Edith nudged Joan with her elbow. "Get ready now," she whispered. "It only lasts a few seconds." Joan gave a muffled exclamation of impatience and disbelief, but she sat up stiffly. The newsreel showed the President making part of a speech, then a ship going down after it had been torpedoed, and then another one being launched. People were getting up and going out. Suddenly the newsreel showed a scene in an Australian park, where two soldiers, their backs to the audience, were standing in front of a cage inspecting a honey bear. "There," Edith whispered. "I can even tell him from behind. If that's not Jack, he's got a twin. Wait till he turns around." With that, one of the soldiers, a big, dark, grinning boy, turned and faced the camera. He fumbled for a cigarette and lit it self-consciously, with his left hand.

Joan clutched at the seat in front of her. "It's Jack! It's Jack!" she gasped. "Oh, you old son of a gun! That's my brother Jack," she explained proudly and loudly to the people who filed past her and Edith. Then the shot was over with and she sat back, completely out of breath and quivering with joy. Edith was magnanimous in her triumph. "Well, now that you've seen Jack and admit it's really him, shall we go?"

"Go?" Joan cried. "No, I'm not going. I'm gonna find a telephone and telephone Ma and Pa to come down right away. And then I'm gonna see the whole thing over again."

—AMBROSE FLACK

•

YOU TAKE THE HIGH DIVE

Admiringly I leave the swan,
The jackknife, and the gainer
To lifeguard and to amazon
While I do something plainer,
Such as by accident to fall in
Or else, when no one's looking, crawl in.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

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"A HONEY OF A SHOW" —Walter Winchell
MY SISTER EILEEN
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ANGEL STREET
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"A cheerful experience—you'll enjoy it." Wolcott Gibbs, New Yorker
PLYMOUTH, W. 45th. Air-Cooled
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

THE LIGHT

PERHAPS our loneliest troops are those stationed in Iceland or at some desert spot in Australia, but a friend of mine, a U.S.O. official, isn't so sure. There are plenty of soldiers in Connecticut or New Jersey, he recently told me, who are equally, if not more, isolated from the rest of the world. They are the men assigned to our smaller anti-aircraft units. Except when they are on furlough, they are restricted to their posts, which the Army terms "battle positions," and which may be on a rocky coastal promontory or in the middle of a park; their hours are battle hours; and, because their positions are military secrets, they are not permitted to have visitors. Unlike the men in the training camps, they have meagre facilities for recreation and sometimes they don't have post exchanges at which to buy the small personal items they need. The U.S.O., in an effort to convince the anti-aircraft men that they aren't in some particularly remote section of Iceland, makes a weekly round of their detachments with mobile units, a mobile unit being, in U.S.O. language, a truck and driver bearing movies, phonographs and records, games, cigarettes, refreshments, stationery, toilet articles, and other benefits of civilization. With the permission of the Anti-Aircraft Artillery Command, my friend arranged for me to go along with a mobile unit, driven by a man named Tim Conover, on a trip to one of the posts in Jersey.

CONOVER asked me to meet him outside the Pennsylvania Station in Newark, and there, early one hot afternoon last week, I found him sitting in a small, khaki-colored Ford truck, which, I later learned, had formerly been a bakery delivery wagon. Conover, a genial Irishman in his late forties, asked me to hop in beside him, and we got under way. As we drove along the highway he told me about his work. "We've been at it since shortly after Pearl Harbor," he said. "And a good thing, too. The government may have thought of everything else, but they overlooked the fact that some of these boys who are set out here to defend the country against raids, these fellows at the isolated posts, and also the Coast Guard fellows on small islands and in lighthouses, might have some needs not listed on the blueprint. Phonograph records, say. You can't expect the Army and Navy to worry about phonograph records for every last tucked-away unit. That's where the U.S.O. comes in, and me and the truck. You know, sometimes I get a real kick out of this job. I was in France in the last war. A cup of coffee, a couple of doughnuts, something to read—I know what they mean. And then we get unexpected requests from the boys. You never can anticipate what it will be next."

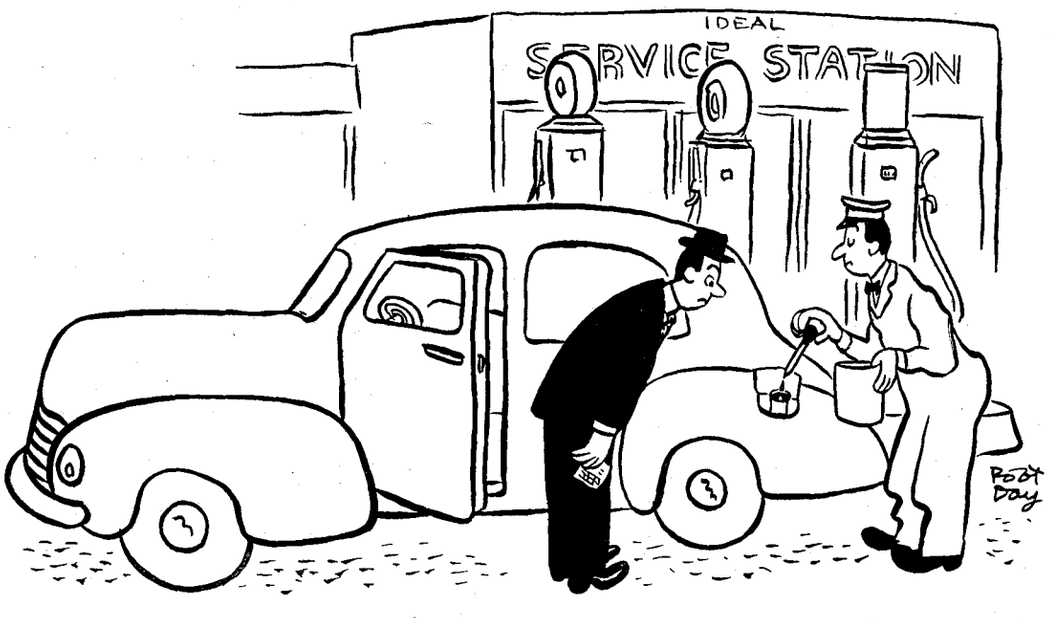
I asked him to tell me about them.

"Well," he said, "like the time that bunch of colored boys who were watching a dam in a place I can't name wrote to us. They were living in an old box-car. They said they were far away from the nearest tailor and they needed a flat-iron to press their clothes. A nice bunch of boys. Wanted to look neat. I took the iron out to them, and you'd think I'd brought them heaven knows what."

By now we were on the main street of a small Jersey town. Conover pulled up in front of a billiard parlor. There were some cues in the truck, he told me, which needed new tips; the soldiers in one of the larger detachments had asked him to get them repaired. He would drop them off and pick them up another day.

When we were out of town and on the highway again, he began to tell me something about the anti-aircraft detachment I was going to visit. "They're a searchlight crew," he said. "They sit out there with their big light and when a plane comes along they catch her in their beam, bingo! Not far away, at another station, you have a gun battery. Then, if the plane is an enemy plane, the gun battery lets her have it. The two units work as a team. Well, for night workers these searchlight boys are mighty lively. I haven't ever seen one of them sitting in a corner by himself. When you see a soldier doing that it means trouble's brewing." The crew, he went on, had only recently moved into new quarters, which consisted of a barracks, a kitchen and pantry, and a mess room which was also used as a recreation room. The place hadn't even been wired for electricity yet. "And that's a shame," Conover said. "I could have shown them a movie today—Abbott and Costello in 'Hold That Ghost.' It's in the truck, along with a portable screen. To tell you the truth, I don't think so much of the picture myself, but the boys laugh their heads off."

BEFORE long Conover cut off onto a dirt road. We bumped along for not more than a hundred yards or so and came to the edge of a forlorn-looking field, then stopped. Some yards off were the quarters, a low, tar-paper-covered structure about seventy feet long which looked more or less like something in a lumber camp. Standing outside were eleven of the boys, who had seen the truck coming and were waiting to greet Conover. From inside the building came the sound of jazz on a bad radio. Some miles beyond, I could see the important military target which was responsible for the boys' being there. Before we had had time to get out of the truck, we were surrounded by the boys, who evidently regarded Conover as a sort of father who could always be counted upon to arrive with gifts. He



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introduced me first to Sergeant Driebilbis, the ranking man of the post, and then to some of the others. They were all wearing blue denim fatigue uniforms and most of them wore the round, floppy hats that go with these. Two of them wore no shirts. No one in the group looked to be more than twenty-two or twenty-three.

We stood around talking for a few minutes, and then Conover opened the back doors of his truck and began to pull out packages, which he handed over to the boys. First there was a three-pound box of caramels, a box of cookies, and a carton of gum. Then came two board games called Blockade and Defense, some horseshoes, a set of boxing gloves, a game of darts, and several tubes of toothpaste. He fished into the truck again and came out with two shoeshine kits, a package of needles and thread, a box of soap, and a puzzle game called Boo Boogy Man, which was provocatively described on the cover as involving "three missionaries who were stranded on an island with three cannibals." When Conover was through he asked Sergeant Driebilbis if there was anything else the group might especially want. The Sergeant said they'd like a bat. "The chaplain brought us a soft ball last week," he said, "and we've been using a pick handle." "Anything to oblige," said Conover, reaching into the truck again and pulling out a bat.

Conover suggested that I hang around for a while with the searchlight crew while he made some other calls in the neighborhood, and said he'd pick me up later. Then he drove off. The boys began to drift back into their quarters, leaving Driebilbis and me outside. He asked me if I'd like to take a stroll around, and I said yes. He was a lanky, solemn young man who, he told me as we walked along, had worked as a farmhand before enlisting in the National Guard two years before. All the men under him, he said, were privates who had been drafted. He came from Virginville, a town of two hundred in the middle of the Pennsylvania Dutch farm country. Like many other natives of that region, he spoke with a foreign-sounding accent. "I was put in searchlight work soon after I entered the Army," he said. "I'm used to it now, but it took some getting used to. One thing you can say about Virginville is that nothing much was doing there, but if you felt like doing it, you could do it." He paused and looked up and down the field. "This was never woodland," he said, with a farmer's authority. "This was just a vacant field. That's what it was and that's what it still is." It was a scraggly, uneven piece of land. I noticed, at a considerable distance from the quarters, a huge pile of rusty tin cans. Driebilbis explained to me that they had been left there to confuse possible enemy observers. When we arrived at a comparatively level stretch of ground, he told me that the men frequently practiced marching there. "We're just a dozen," he said apologetically, "so I guess our lines are kind of short. If we had a platoon, it might not be so bad. A battalion would be even better. There's a lot of Army stuff we don't have here because we're a small unit. We don't have a bugler to blow reveille, for instance. I just go around and poke the fellows in the back when they're supposed to get up."

We came to a hut containing a generator, which, Driebilbis explained, supplied the juice for the station's searchlight and sound-detector apparatus. Then we walked up a hillock to where the searchlight itself was placed. We stood in front of it rather reverently for a minute or so, looking at the thousands of tiny, quivering reflections of the sun in its big glass face. "We got no nickname for it," Driebilbis said abruptly. "We just call it the light."

WE started back toward quarters, and in a minute came upon a corpulent, red-faced, red-haired soldier sitting on a camp chair with a pair of earphones clamped on his head and looking up at the sky. He was sweating. Driebilbis waved to him and told me, rather unnecessarily, that the man was on observation duty. He took scarcely any notice of us. At his feet was a hopeless-looking mongrel no taller than a dachshund. The dog yapped at us as we walked away. "Our mascot," Driebilbis said. "His name is Smoky."

When we got back to quarters there was a gray sedan in front and First Lieutenant Harry Meyers, Jr., the officer in command of this and several other anti-aircraft units in the same area, was in the mess room discussing the St. Louis Cardinals with one of the soldiers. In other parts of the room men were playing the dart game Conover had brought out, trying to keep the stranded missionaries out of the hands of the cannibals, reading newspapers, and dipping into the three-pound box of candy. After I had been introduced to Meyers, he invited me to sit down with him at one of the three mess tables in the room, and Driebilbis went off to perform some chore or other. Meyers said that he had to inspect his posts several times a day and was glad that he

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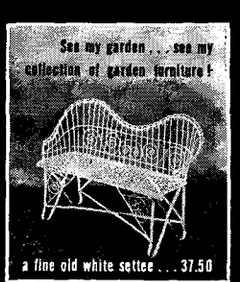

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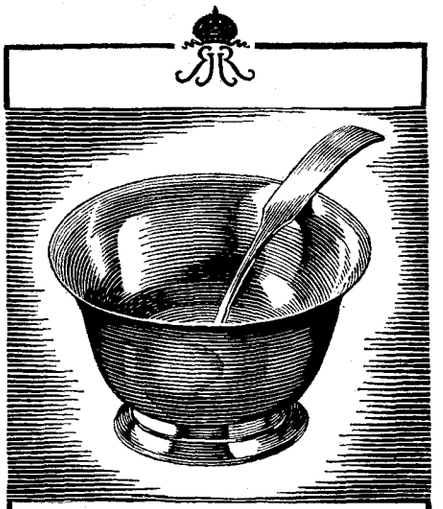
had turned up during my visit, because he might be able to give me some information about searchlights. He was a confident, affable young man who had studied military science at Virginia Polytechnic Institute and before the war had worked for an advertising agency in Philadelphia. The searchlights, he said, were, or would be, especially effective against high-altitude bombers, which, in order to drop their bombs accurately, have to fly in a straight line. Once the beam spots a plane, the aircraft can't escape without veering from its course and thus upsetting its bombing calculations. Meyers said that his searchlight units had been picking up every plane within range but hadn't sighted any enemy planes as yet, of course. On some nights the searchlight is turned on thirty or forty times, on other nights not at all. "It gives the men practice and experience," he said. "Sometimes the beams are confusing to the pilots because the light has eight hundred million candlepower and blinds them. You can read a newspaper in an airplane when a beam hits you. That is, if you can see at all. As soon as our men are sure a plane is friendly, they cut the beam. That isn't always soon enough to satisfy the pilots. Often they blink their landing lights as if to beg us to let them alone."

The Lieutenant said that, except for 24-hour-a-day observation duty, the men in this particular unit worked from dusk to daylight. "And when I say daylight," he said, "I mean bright daylight, not just dawn. After dawn the light isn't usable, but the men have to stay around for an hour or so to clean it." There are two night shifts, the change taking place at one in the morning. The men don't like the second shift because that means going to bed right after dinner. "Even when they're not throwing a beam, they're always on the alert," he continued. "The man at the generator and the men at the sound-detector can't do much talking with those at the light, because they're about two hundred feet apart. I suppose they whistle to themselves and hum a little. They can't smoke, because they're on guard duty, and besides a cigarette could be seen from the air."

The men have their breakfast at 7 A.M. One of the twelve men on the post is an Army cook. Between 7:30 and 8:30 they police the grounds and clean their quarters. Then they take a brief rest. At ten they begin two hours of classes conducted by Sergeant Driebilbis—identification of aircraft, rifle



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marksmanship, care of equipment, marching, and so on. At noon they have lunch, and after that most of them take a nap until three. The hours between three and five are devoted to such chores as building gunracks, blacking stoves, airing beds, and scrubbing walls. At five they eat dinner, and then they are ready to go either to bed or to work. Meyers said that the boys obviously lack some of the advantages of a larger battle position but that they enjoy a certain pleasant informality which is denied to most soldiers. His tone was almost envious. "The only time they wear their khaki uniforms," he said, "is when the battalion or regimental commander is coming. And their fatigue clothes are a cinch to wash. They just stand in them under a shower and scrub."

Few of the men in the unit, Meyers said, were irrepressibly enthusiastic about living in isolation, but on the other hand few of them were actually discontented. For one thing, they enjoy the invisible competition with other searchlight crews. "Each of my units," he said, "thinks it's the best and the cleanest. They're always trying to make little improvements in their quarters, like buying hooks for their clothes and towel racks." For another, they are buoyed up by the knowledge that if everything goes on schedule they will receive a three-day furlough every thirty-six days. "Boy," he said, "how they look forward to those passes! It's something to live for. Without the passes, I guess the fellows would feel pretty blue."

AFTER Lieutenant Meyers had driven away, one of the dart-players, a private named Francis Lawrence, introduced himself and sat down beside me. He told me he was from a town six miles away. "It might just as well be six thousand miles," he said. "I can't get away and nobody can come here to see me." Before being drafted he had worked for an airplane-instrument factory. He was uncertain whether being a soldier was more important than working in the factory. "What we're doing here seems routine to us," he said, "but I guess it has to be done. Let me tell you, though, I'd rather be here than at the plant any time. Standing over that goddam lathe doing precision work! I'm having quite a time for myself in the Army. Everybody's nice to us. The people around here are mostly from the old country—Slovaks and Hungarians. They've found out where we are and they come over to the far end of the field and hand us cakes and loaves of pumpernickel. We have nothing to talk about to them, so they tell us about local politics. I know more about the politics around here than I ever knew about them at home."

Soon he was carrying on a kind of soliloquy about the light. "When I'm out there with it at night," he said, "I do some thinking—what I should have done before the war and what I'm going to do when it's all over. Then I like to be out there when the clouds are low and you turn the light on and it looks as if it can't get by them, but then, if you look past the clouds, you can see a little ball, and that's the light thinning out. Maybe I'm dopey—I don't know. Sometimes, when I'm tracking a plane, I feel as if I'm shooting it down. I say to myself, 'That's a Heinkel. Let's get it.' Then I throw my beam at it and I imagine I'm operating an anti-aircraft gun and my girl down the road is watching me."

A stocky private wearing glasses walked in and Lawrence introduced me. The name, he said, was Regret. Regret sat down with us and explained immediately that his right name was Andrew Bobby. He was twenty-seven, and back home in Hazleton, Pennsylvania, he had been employed as a cutter in a shirt factory. He didn't like being in a searchlight unit. "Outside," he said, "nobody used to call me Regret the way they do here. They do it just because I miss my wife. If I were in a training camp, maybe she'd be able to take a place near it and then I'd see her all the time." He went on to say that he used to have a good time at home. "We had a nice flat on Carson Street," he said. "Three rooms and a bath. I had a trombone and once in a while I'd play in Divigilli's orchestra. We'd go dancing almost every other night at Lakewood, a few miles out of town. My wife's middle name is dancing. Then we'd have people over and play pinochle. Or we'd go to the movies. My wife loves the movies."

IT was some time later that I got into conversation with an extremely tall and angular chap named Clifford Packer, who was very happy about being in the unit. Packer, who spoke with a Southern accent, was from Gadsden, Alabama, sixty-five miles northeast of Birmingham. "I've lived this way before," he told me. "I punched cattle in Texas for three years before I got into the Army. I'd just go out with a bunch of men on the Panhandle and at nights we'd sleep out. We didn't have tents or barracks, either. Just saddle blankets. We'd take a hell of a herd out grazing

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and be gone two, three weeks at a time. If you ask me, the Army is better than Texas. Out there you'd meet new guys every day. Wherever we'd pitch for the night, they'd come up and ask if they could stay with us. There's fellows out on the Panhandle who don't even know what a home is. But here it's the same guys every day. You don't have to keep getting acquainted."

The last boy I talked to was Calvin Salzgiver, whom I met while wandering around outside quarters. He was twenty-two and from a farm twenty miles out of Marion Center, Pennsylvania. He had lived there with his parents, four sisters, and a brother who had recently got married and moved away from home. Salzgiver, a thin, blond chap with an ingenuous expression, spoke haltingly about his family and the Army. "I'm never lonesome here and I never miss anyone," he said. "But I'm sorry about one thing, and that is that I didn't enlist instead of being drafted. If I had, I might have gone to Australia. This light is too near home. I think the farther away I get from home the less I'll think about it. I'm not lonesome, but there are things going on at home that make me worry. My father is getting old and my brother isn't around any more. He has a wife now and he's working in a coal mine. If my father gets much older, who's going to run the farm? Then there's Rebecca. I met her in high school and we've been going together six years. Perhaps the next time I go home I could marry her. But if I'm in the Army, how will I support her?" Salzgiver and I had to leave his question unanswered, because the cook appeared and called the men to dinner. Sergeant Driebilbis invited me to join them. I declined, saying that I expected Conover any minute and I'd better wait outside.

BY the time Conover arrived, as it turned out, the soldiers had finished their dinner and Driebilbis was checking off the men assigned to the first shift. We all said goodbye and Conover and I drove off. A few miles down the highway we stopped at a roadhouse for some hamburgers and beers. When we came out it was dark. I looked back in the direction of the searchlight station. The boys were sweeping the sky with the beam. Finally a passenger plane slid into it. I couldn't really be sure, but the plane seemed to falter for a moment. I felt sorry for the pilot. Then the boys flicked the beam across him a couple of times and let him go. —DANIEL LANG

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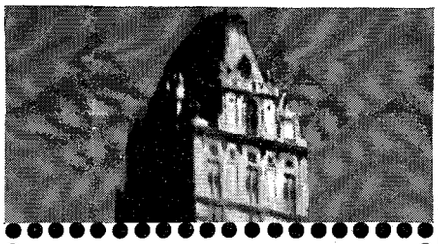

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NOTES ON SPORTS

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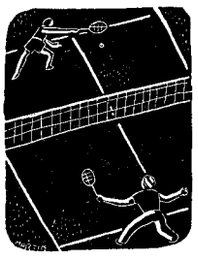

THE professional championship tournament at Forest Hills has temporarily taken the pressure off the United States Lawn Tennis Association, the outfit that rules the amateurs, which is lucky, because the Association must be a little groggy right now. For one thing, it doesn't have many tennis players left and the public isn't stampeding to see what it has got, and for another, the constant buffeting it has been getting from sportswriters must have begun to take its toll. The writers started out by suggesting that the Association sponsor a tournament open to both amateurs and pros, so that all the best players in the country might be tossed together in one arena. The Association was so reckless as to ignore this suggestion, which is no way to treat a sportswriter. The papers called the Association officials rogues and every synonym in the thesaurus, figuring that if you let these fellows get out of hand, they'll run wild. The officials were never very clear on their reasons for not holding this tournament but may have felt that it would have lowered amateur prestige, since it would probably have been won by a pro. In any case, their knuckles were soundly rapped for their behavior, and most of their players have resolved the issue by going to war or turning pro themselves. The sportswriters have diverted their attention to the professional tournament, leaving the United States Lawn Tennis Association to lick its lacerations.

There were a few conspicuous absences from the tournament's entry list. Perry was out with an arm injury he suffered last winter when he fell on the floor of Madison Square Garden and bounced twice, Vines is a golfer now and through with tennis for good, Tilden is tied up in California, and Richards is too fat to play in hot weather. Karel Kozeluh, although not fat, was just about done in by the heat last Sunday in his second-round match with Budge, which he defaulted after the second set. Incidentally, Kozeluh, who has won the pro title three times, has never been an amateur. Back home in Czechoslovakia, while still a little fellow, he served as an apprentice instructor and went into the

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business on his own as soon as he qualified. He has taught over here at the Bath and Tennis Club in Miami and the Field Club in Greenwich. He is also the author of a book on tennis which says that it is inexcusable to double-fault. Against Budge he double-faulted a couple of times, but in that weather he probably violated more than one old Kozeluh precept.

The best tennis played last Sunday was in an exhibition doubles match between Budge and Sabin and Riggs and Kovacs. Budge and Sabin won (8–6, 0–6, 7–5) after Sabin took charge of things in the last set, Budge raising no objection at all and his racquet only seldom. Sabin has always been a great doubles player and this year has done pretty well in singles, too, having won six out of eight tournaments. Neither Budge nor Kovacs was in those six, though, and Riggs was in only one of them.

A LOT of good performers have taken beatings lately. MacMitchell ran third in the A.A.U. 1,500-metre race last Saturday, the Yankees lost their fifth straight game on Sunday, and the Cardinals, the logical National League pennant winners, lost their fourth game out of five to the temporary league leaders, the Dodgers, also on Sunday. It was reassuring to see Ben Hogan, who is a habitual winner at golf, in first place in the Hale America Tournament. It was too bad, on the other hand, to know that there had to be a tournament called Hale America.

At the A.A.U. track meet, the customers found out for the first time what the race distances actually amount to in English. According to the program, 1,500 metres is equal, at the present rate of exchange, to 1,640.4 yards; 3,000 metres is 1 mile, 1,520 yards, 2 feet, 6 inches; and 5,000 metres is 3 miles, 188 yards, 2 inches. Contrariwise, Cornelius Warmerdam's record-breaking pole vault must have been about 4.63 metres.

—D. L.

•

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

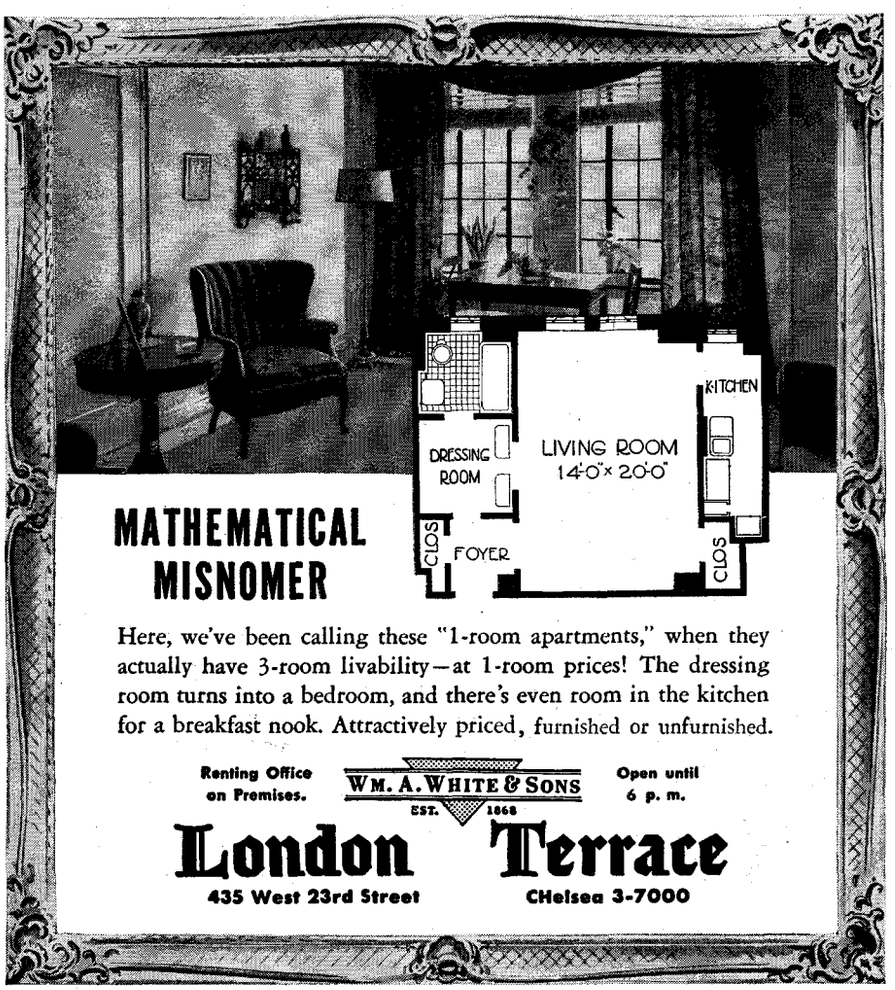
[*From "King's Row," by Henry Bellamann*]

Parris looked up, so startled that he had difficulty realizing at once where he was.

Father Donovan repeated the greeting. "Good afternoon, my son."—*Page 296.*

"How so, my son?"

Parris noticed the address. It was the first time Father Donovan had ever said "my son" to him.—*Page 620.*



MATHEMATICAL MISNOMER

Here, we've been calling these "1-room apartments," when they actually have 3-room livability—at 1-room prices! The dressing room turns into a bedroom, and there's even room in the kitchen for a breakfast nook. Attractively priced, furnished or unfurnished.

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Metropolitan Moments . . . . . by Jaro Fabry

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If you want to win friends and influence your cocktails towards perfection, start using Calvert Reserve. For this extra-luxury whiskey *blends with*—rather than overpowers—the other ingredients in mixed drinks. And Calvert Reserve's unique "soft" flavor makes just as big a hit in highballs or neat. Learn to be a social lion in one easy lesson by using Calvert Reserve..."*the choicest you can drink or serve*".

Calvert Distillers Corp., N.Y.C. Blended Whiskey: 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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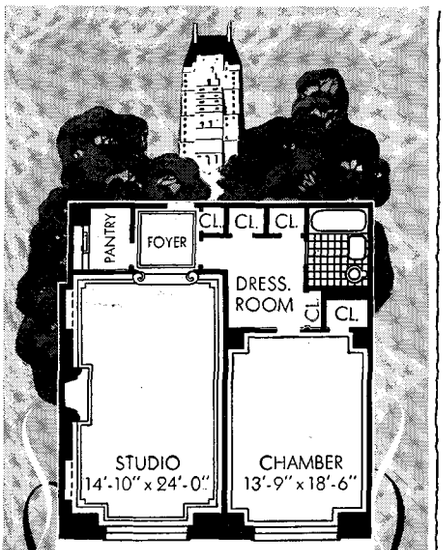

Facing Central Park, 2 rooms with dressing room and bath, serving pantry with electric refrigeration, step-down living room, 5 closets, unfurnished or furnished, for immediate or fall occupancy. Other apartments—1 to 7 Rooms.

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Vincent J. Coyle
Managing Director

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Management

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If summer heat gives your hair that limp, discouraging and scraggly look, you'll love the fresh beauty and comfort of a Guro curl and wave. Phone for an appointment.

by GURO

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JUNE 20 (BY CABLE)

THIS has been a bad week. Londoners getting off their buses and pouring into the tube at the evening rush hour every day seemed afraid to glance at the headlines, for developments in Libya had a way of getting graver with every edition. For the time being, public concern has naturally shifted from the critical Russian front to the Eighth Army's struggle. The current bad news from Libya hasn't actually caused as much of a shock as its predecessors, since by now everyone is pretty well primed to expect the tide of battle in those parts to be a dingdong affair, but even so, the seriousness of Rommel's new push toward Egypt has made a gloomy impression here. About the only people who might find any sort of even backhanded satisfaction in the situation are the British Israelites, the members of which peculiar cult have always insisted that astronomical readings made in the Great Pyramid show quite plainly that Britain will have to lose Egypt before she wins the war. Now that General Ritchie has been forced back to the Egyptian border, maybe the British Israelites feel good, but certainly the plain British don't.

It's possible, though, that the setback will prove a beneficial corrective to the alarming optimism which was in the air only a few weeks back, when everybody was talking as though a thousand planes were going to drop in on Germany every other night and a Continental invasion was as easy a jaunt as a prewar cheap-day trip to Dieppe. Though there seems to be less irresponsible shouting for a second front than there was, it is still generally hoped that this is the principal subject being discussed by Mr. Churchill during his visit to President Roosevelt. Londoners took the news of the Prime Minister's arrival in the United States more calmly than they did that of the Atlantic meeting and the first Washington hop. Those occasions seemed in themselves to make history; on this one, the British are engrossed in wondering what sort of history is going to be made by the decisions their Premier and his host arrive at.

ALTHOUGH the press and the people's minds were largely taken up with what's happening in Libya, most of the newspapers this week assigned reporters to make the rounds of eating places and learn the effect of the first few days of the five-shilling-maximum meal order. The general opinion seems to be that the order hasn't made much difference either to the state of a diner's stomach or to the total of his bill, since the one feels and the other looks much the same, thanks to the extra "overhead house charges" which most good restaurants are permitted to make. Some establishments, which for one reason or another haven't been allowed to make house charges, have stated quite frankly that they intend to take the difference out of their customers on wines, as the prices of these aren't under control. Anyone who kicks will probably find that all the tables are reserved when he makes a return visit. Even with such dodges, it is likely that many small places which had kept up their standards and prices by a little black-market funny business will be forced to close now that they've had to lower their tariffs.

The Food Minister's new discipline is generally approved, however, as a step in the right direction in the gradual levelling process that is taking place day by day, not only in Englishmen's pockets but in their minds. Another sign of changes which will affect the old privileged orders was in the news during the last week. In the House of Commons, the president of the Board of Education mentioned the possibility that after the war the zealously guarded traditions of the great public schools may be broken down to allow any bright boy to enter, whether his father happens to be a peer or a plumber, and that in such an event some measure of state control will have to be introduced to compensate the schools for what they lose on fees from parents. With taxes strangling the rich so efficiently that they're having to dig down into capital to keep even half a wing of the family seat open, a lot of peers probably feel ruefully that their sons are going to need state assistance to put them through Eton every bit as much as the plumbers' sons will.

These innovations are planned for the postwar young, but several educational schemes are operating right now with benevolent government backing. A movement is under way to give as large a number of adults as possible the background to appreciate good paintings and incidentally to keep an interest in art alive in wartime. For one thing, exhibitions of works by modern painters have been assembled to be lent out

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like library books to all the R.A.F. messes, the decorations of which are usually on the bleak side. Civilians can and do attend by the hundreds the shows of war pictures at the National Gallery, which are kept so topical that a series of pictures by John Piper of bombed Bath were on the walls almost before the demolition parties had gone home. Sir Kenneth Clark, the moving spirit behind these activities, says that people who would ordinarily regard a work by a difficult modern artist with considerable wariness are cajoled into studying it carefully when it depicts something in their own experience, like a tube shelter or a blasted building. Shows of this sort are also touring the Dominions and one is being assembled for Russia. The selection committee has taken great pains with the Russian one, choosing only subjects which should appeal to the Soviet—dynamic canvases of British workmen and women in action and portraits of Empire fighting types, none of them above the rank of sergeant pilot.

LONDONERS are beginning to get accustomed to the uniforms of American troops, who are now seen in ever-increasing numbers on the streets. Middle West and Southern accents are heard in the crowds as frequently as the French, Czech, Polish, and Norwegian which make a blackout saunter down Piccadilly a nostalgic Cook's tour.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

A husky voice on the phone gives us the works:

"In what high school," it asks, "were you taught to say 'among whom I was with.' Or did you get as far as high school?"

We can readily explain this.

The wording did appear yesterday in this column, ". . . fellows in the back row, among whom I was with."

That was a typographical error.

It was originally written as follows, ". . . fellows in the back row among whom I was which."

We trust this makes everything clear.

—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

Perfectly.

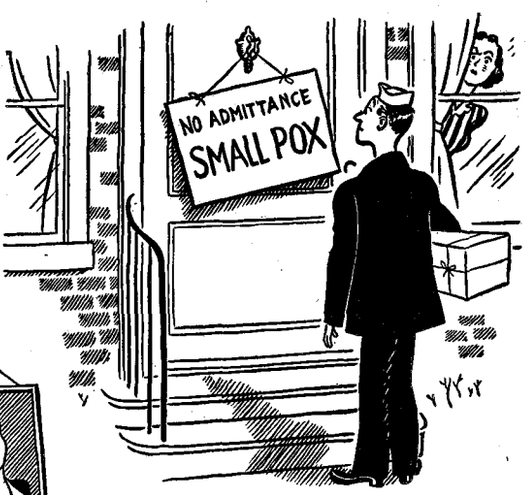
•

PERISH THE THOUGHT DEPT.

[*From the Washington Star*]

Recognizing the people's right to be "truthfully informed about the war effort," the executive order called for close collaboration between Mr. Davis and Director of Censorship Byron Price to facilitate "the full and prompt dissemination of all available information which will give aid to the enemy."

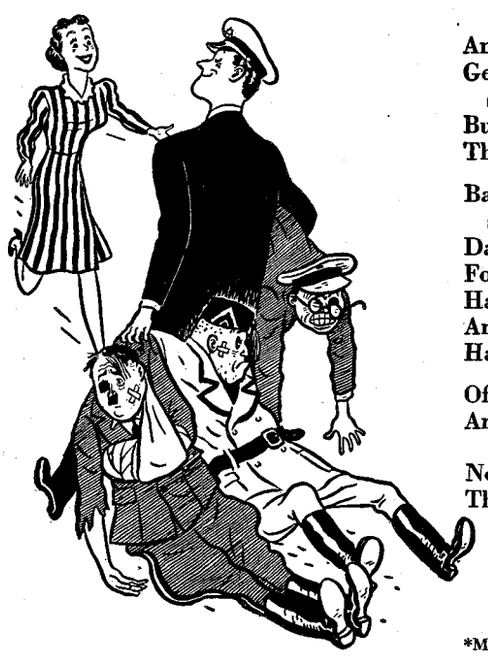
A while back, Davy
Joined the Navy.
And whenever he had leave
He'd visit, if he could, his old girl, Genevieve.
But by and by her home which receptions had been warm at
Lost the welcome from its doormat.



Well, Davy got to be a C.P.O.
(Chief Petty Officer, just in case you didn't know).
These higher-ups among the sailors
Look as if they'd been turned out by swanky custom tailors.
The shirts they wear are crisp and white;
Might they be Arrows? Yes, they might.

Davy found their non-wilt Arrow Collars*
Are nearly as smart as Defense Bond dollars.
And whether you're small or big your
Arrow "Mitoga" fits your figure.

At last, or so Dave reckoned,
The fiddle he would play would *not* be second.
But when her man is way out yonder
A gal of other guys grows fonder;
And all the men that Genevieve knew
Wore, like Davy, Arrows, too.



And so when Davy called
Genevieve hemmed and hawed and stalled.
But it was fated:
They dated.

Back to his ship don't think we're sending
Dave without a happy ending.
For his term at sea
Had made him handsome as can be.
And in his Arrow Shirts, was Gen
Hard for him to win again?

Of her eye he re-became the apple
And *pronto* they were married in their favorite chapel.
Now Davy's ego is so expanded
That he'll tell you it won't be planes, or ships, or cannon that will win the war, but that *he'll* win it single-handed.

*Made by patented Celanese wrinkle-free process.

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A new shirt free if one shrinks out of fit!

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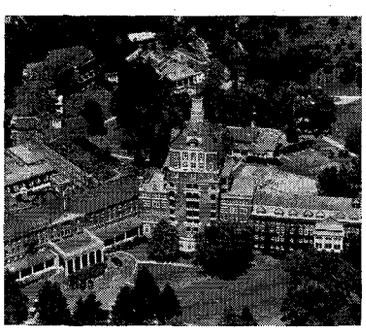
MOUNTAIN COOLNESS AT THE HOMESTEAD

VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS



JULY AVERAGE MEAN TEMPERATURE 69 DEGREES

JULY AVERAGE LOW TEMPERATURE 58 DEGREES

Floor diagrams and special summer rates sent on request to The Homestead, Hot Springs, Va., or our New York office in the Waldorf. Pullmans nightly at 6:55 from Penn Station.

MUSICAL EVENTS

Almost All Outdoors

THE Goldman band is celebrating the silver jubilee of its free summer concerts about town, and you will find Dr. Goldman directing his excellent ensemble on the Mall in Central Park on Monday, Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday evenings, and in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, on the remaining nights of the week. My own recollections of Dr. Goldman as a conductor go back beyond 1918. He used to lead a small orchestra in somewhat informal concerts that took place Sunday afternoons in a Broadway hall up in the Seventies. As I recall those early Goldman concerts, there was a good deal of freshness about them, a characteristic which has carried through Dr. Goldman's subsequent activities. He serves up enough practically mandatory band-concert material to supply the demand (if you're looking for cornet solos, marches, and excerpts from light operas, Dr. Goldman has them for you), but most of his programs are more than a quarter of a century in advance of traditional band sessions. He has classics and moderns, as well as a special supply of new material composed for his band by current eminences. Park yourself in one of the parks and listen to the band. It's good fun and good music.

Also observing a silver jubilee are the Stadium Concerts. They start at eight these evenings, and when it becomes necessary to turn on lights, there is a gentle, blue illumination in the stands. The lighting, devised to comply with dimout regulations, is the most effective that the Stadium ever has had and helps to establish a mood. The inside of the orchestra's shell has been painted a non-reflecting dark gray, and the overhead stage lights are mostly blue and amber, setting off the performers handsomely and even dramatically.

Artur Rodzinski took charge of the first concerts in this year's Stadium sessions and went about things as efficiently as usual. At the opening festivities, he had as piano soloist Artur Rubinstein, who turned in a grand performance of Rachmaninoff's second concerto and drew an exceptional accompaniment from the Philharmonic-Symphony and Mr. Rodzinski. The straight orchestral items that evening were just all-right-

Comfort with sparkle

See the furnished suites at the Hotel Dorset. Refreshingly unlike stereotyped hotel apartments, they possess the color, comfort and sparkle of tasteful modern homes. If you seek something furnished, they are ready to welcome you — if you are looking for unfurnished space, they testify to the adaptability of Dorset arrangements.

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on Lease or Transient

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"FASHIONS IN DANCING"
At Dinner and Supper and
Saturday Cocktail Dansant

BEN CUTLER
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At Dinner and Supper and
Saturday Cocktail Dansant

No Cover Charge at any Time
THE COCKTAIL HOUR
Dancing Saturday Afternoon
PERSIAN ROOM—Special Luncheon $1.50
THE PLAZA • FIFTH AVE. AT 59th ST.

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enough, I thought. The combination of the three R's—Rachmaninoff, Rubinstein, and Rodzinski—was a pacemaker, though, for concerts ahead.

WHEN you devise your plans to hear al-fresco concerts, remember the Essex County Symphony Society, which offers concerts at the City Schools Stadium in Newark on Tuesday evenings. The Newark diet is a varied one. What I heard there was a bouncing performance of "The Barber of Seville," conducted with great animation by Sir Thomas Beecham, who was zipping along a cast made up almost entirely of Metropolitan singers. "The Barber," played on a small stage and musically projected into a large stadium by amplifying devices, wasn't entirely in natural surroundings, but it worked itself into a good show, and the stage director, Désiré Defrère, of the Metropolitan, kept it rolling smoothly.

On this side of the Hudson, another Metropolitan stage director, Herbert Graf, took charge of the action for the performances of "The Gypsy Baron" presented at the Cosmopolitan by Gustave Kotanyi, who previously had revived "The Bat" at the Pythian Theatre. Magnificently conducted by Robert Stolz, the Johann Strauss operetta was a slick musical job, with fetching singing by Margit Bokor, Theresa Gerson, Christina Carroll, Mario Bernini, John Garris, and plenty of others. The venerable book, with its mysterious treasure, quaint genealogies, and the like, entertained a jammed house, and the gags certainly went big, friends.

Not at all by the way, both "The Barber of Seville" and "The Gypsy Baron" ought to be done in English, even if that means exposing the corniness of some of the humor. Adaptation of the libretti can take care of that, anyhow.

THERE is a load of dancing on film available at the Fifth Avenue Playhouse. You get "Gaîté Parisienne" and "Capriccio Espagnol" by the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in Technicolor, and eight short episodes, from the Paris Opera ballet to Bill Robinson and Carmen Amaya. It's a striking exhibit, and it's on view continuously between one in the afternoon and midnight.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

On and after this afternoon Lady Pigott-Brown wishes to be known as Ivy Lady Pigott-Brown.—*London Times.*

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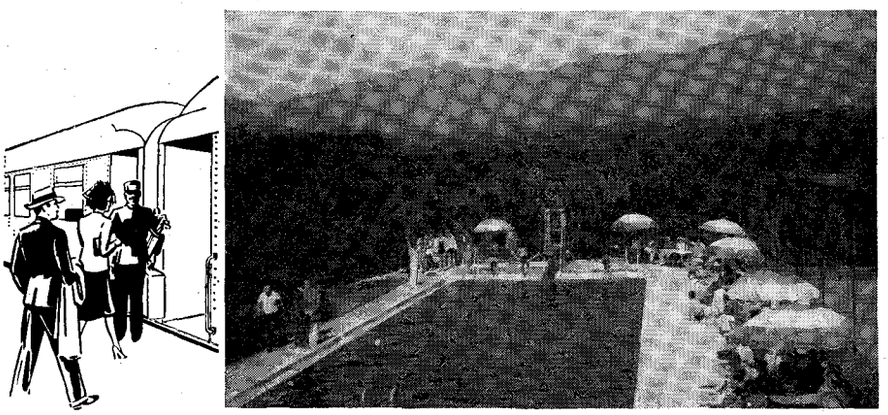

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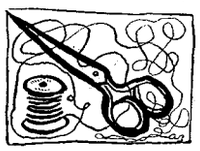
ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS



MAYBE it isn't news, but it looks as though many of us will spend more time than usual in the city this summer now that we can no longer jump in the roadster and dart about the country. It *is* news that the first of the dresses made under WPB rules for conserving fabric have hit town and, in the true American spirit, ahead of schedule. Fortunately most of the ones I've seen at Bergdorf Goodman and Lord & Taylor were designed for city dwellers. The boys in Washington have been lenient, by the way; the new models look about the same as clothes did earlier in the season. Well, if you must pin me down, perhaps they are a little slimmer. The authorities have been romantic as well, so wedding gowns may be as full and as long as any bride likes.

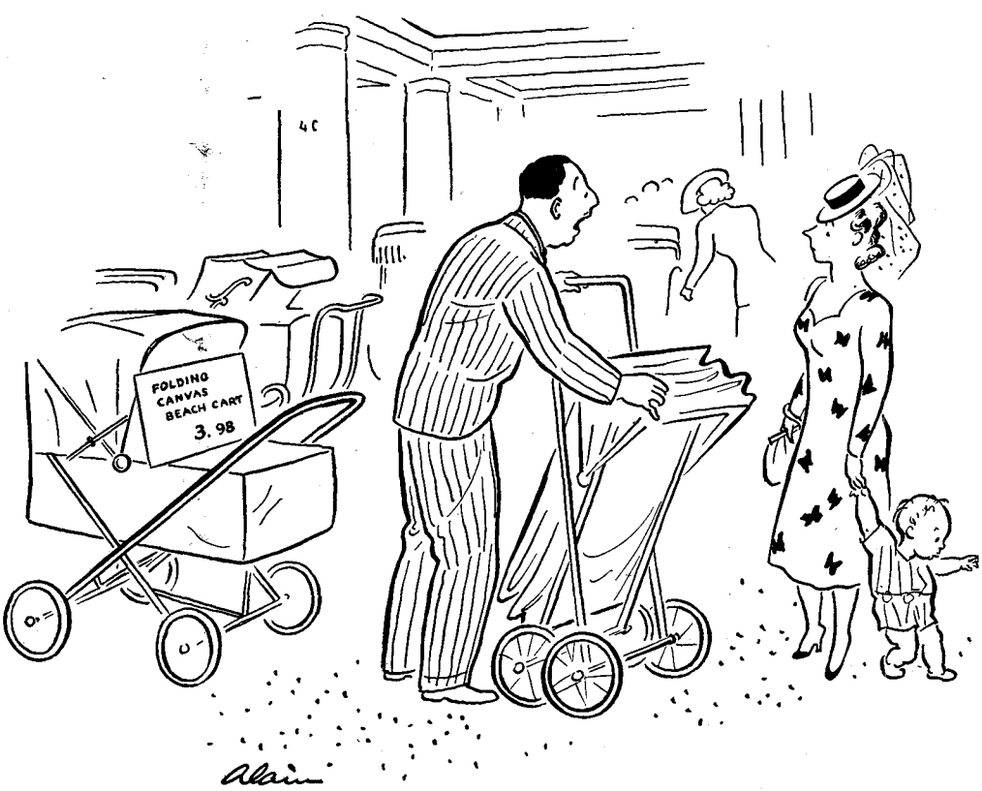
Bergdorf Goodman have crashed through with a collection of gala clothes that are surprisingly varied and, not surprisingly, alluring. Some are custom-made (they can, however, be whipped up in no time at all); others are ready-to-wear, in original designs, priced from $95. Black is favored for dresses that can be worn both to lunch and cocktails and later on for informal dining; waist-length jackets or snug boleros do the trick. For instance, there's a pale-blue jacket banded with black to match the deeply slashed crêpe dress, which has fagoting as its sole trimming; shed the coat and—what do you know?—you're dressed for dinner. Just put on the bolero that accompanies a black crêpe dress which has a marquisette yoke to give it a bare-back look, and you're covered up for lunch. A black taffeta coat dress trimmed with narrow lace has a skirt that flares perkily but somehow keeps within the regulations. Perhaps the length—short—has something to do with it. Street-length dinner dresses without coats include such gems as a black crêpe with lace sleeves, a lace bow, and more lace edging the wrap-around skirt. These skirts are all over the premises, probably because they use up little material, are graceful, and provide plenty of freedom.

If you prefer the altitude of your favorite hotel roof to that of some distant mountain peak, shoot the works on a long, peg-top evening gown printed with bunches of violets. The décolletage and skirt are both so deeply slashed that the slits practically meet at the waistline. My! Incidentally, there are more modest evening prints, such as a maroon crêpe with blue chrysanthemums that ties in a bow at one side of the neck and on the opposite hip. An impressive dress of black Chantilly-type lace has an accordion-pleated skirt; pleats are a rare treat these days. Lace is popular at Bergdorf; it is also used to form the peplum which sprouts from a black crêpe sheath and to make the trimming on its peekaboo bodice. This is a honey.

LORD & TAYLOR's patriotic contributions are black crêpe day dresses, which crept in among the ginghams before I even got around to sending my furs to storage. Glibly enough, all the stores, in honor of the governmental order number covering the manufacture of dresses, are calling the wartime clothes L-85 Fashions, which to feminine minds may suggest a submarine rather than a black crêpe day dress. Lord & Taylor, however, go still further by also friskily referring to them as their maillot silhouette models, no doubt because their long, slender bodices play up the torso. Anyway, these outfits are flattering enough to make the most ardent sun-worshipper hope for a frigid summer. Many of them have draped yokes, the long bodice line I just mentioned, and drapery from hem to stomach. Often little bows and shirring lend them additional softness. Some girls may prefer the two-piece versions, which are less figure-revealing. For instance, a black faille dress (the only one in the lot that isn't crêpe) that looks like a suit has a fold across the chest of its fitted, hip-length jacket, while a fetching pebbly crêpe has a loose, belted over-blouse and a skirt with caught-up-the-front drapery. (They all cost $29.95 or $39.95.)

Whopping big Milan straw hats, black or natural, with brims as wide as parasols, are designed to go with all these, and are summery enough to wear with your filmiest chiffons. L. & T. ask one favor—that you wear them straight on the head and not with the rakish tilt no woman seems able to resist. The most elaborate specimen among the headgear is decked out with a mesh veil banded with velvet; the most unusual specimen has its wide brim turned up in tricorn fashion; the simplest of the lot, a huge mushroom shape, dangles childish streamers. All from $15.

OUR old friend Lenthéric, at 761 Fifth Avenue (58th), has popped up with a brand-new venture. He now shows negligees in a shop within a shop at his perfume-and-beauty salon. Some



"Before folding it, of course, one should remember to take the little fellow out."

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are frankly meant for the bedroom, while others might be worn to an informal dinner at a friend's house. All are charming, and they are mercifully priced; from $11 to an occasional $50. For starlight nights on the terrace, look at a pink chiffon blouse with bishop sleeves (they dote on long sleeves here) accompanied by a candy-striped taffeta skirt which is tied in a huge bow at the side; also an affair in écru lace over pink satin, which takes on a formal air because it has a train. They do nice things with prints, too; for one, a sleek house coat in gray crêpe with a realistic fleur-de-lis design. For those I-just-can't-face-a-girdle torrid spells, you might, if you insist, float down to dinner in a loose house coat of flowered taffeta that sweeps the floor. A cool white chiffon number, as fresh as a dewdrop, has a frilled neck and is trimmed with a pink rose and trailing ribbons. For a lazy morning of lounging under the trees (oh, you can't tell; you may have one), look at a chintz dress with short puffed sleeves that in no way suggests a negligee; the separate pink apron has pockets deep enough to hold your mending, the children's toys, or even some light garden tools.

Pajamas are in the minority, which is all right by me, but they have a wide range, from a seductive Chinese-brocade coat with narrow black-satin slacks through a tailored, black faille smoking jacket with satin revers and stripes down the pants.

THIS seems a good moment to remind you of Werner of Switzerland, 608 Fifth Avenue (49th), a pet hairdresser of mine. Not only are his permanents superb (from $10) but he cuts hair so cleverly that it may be tossed around and set in any number of fashions. What's more, he pampers you enormously. When you arrive you slip into a house coat—a dainty one, maybe of white piqué edged with Irish crochet—which is a far cry from the usual shapeless Mother Hubbard. A maid presses your rumpled frock while you are being prettied up, and serves iced tea and cookies. If you crave more coolness than the air-conditioning supplies as you bake under the drier, you can peer out the broad windows, which face the Rockefeller Center fountains. Mind over matter, I always claim. —M. M.

•

Determine whether or not the patient is conscious. This can be done by talking to him.—*Red Cross First-Aid Text-Book.*

Sometimes.

Beauty Tips for City Slickers

BY HELENA RUBINSTEIN

Save Your Face from Heat and Humidity with AQUACADE, amazing summer-proof make-up. Won't melt . . . won't run. Wear Aquacade Foundation, Lipstick, Mascara—and look cool as a julep. Each 1.00.

Take Summer in Your Stride with LEG-STICK, new golden-bronze summer "stockings"—cool, sheer, flattering. 1.00. Or AQUACADE LEG LOTION if you prefer a liquid leg make-up. 1.00. About 25 "pairs" in each.

Don't be Stuffy...or Stale or Steamy. Deliciously perfumed APPLE BLOSSOM DEODORANTS keep you frosty-fresh and fragrant—all day, all summer, all around the town. Cream or Lotion, each .50.

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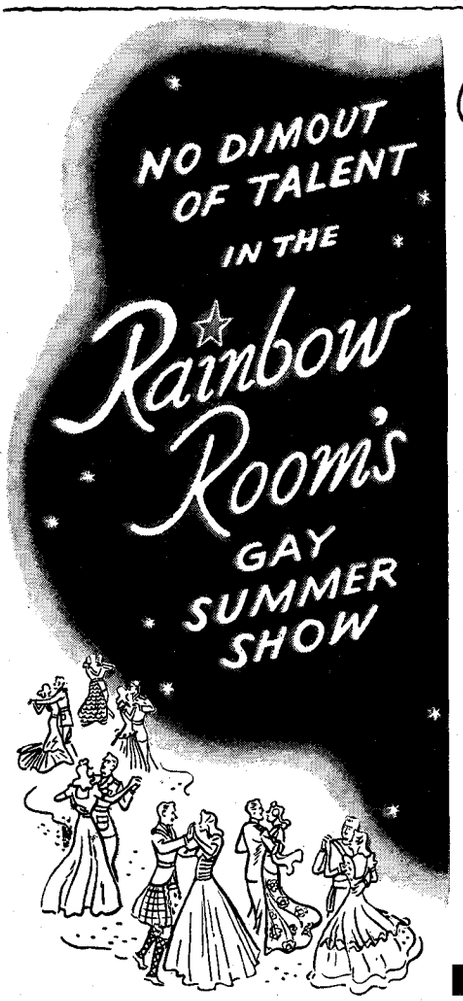
helena rubinstein



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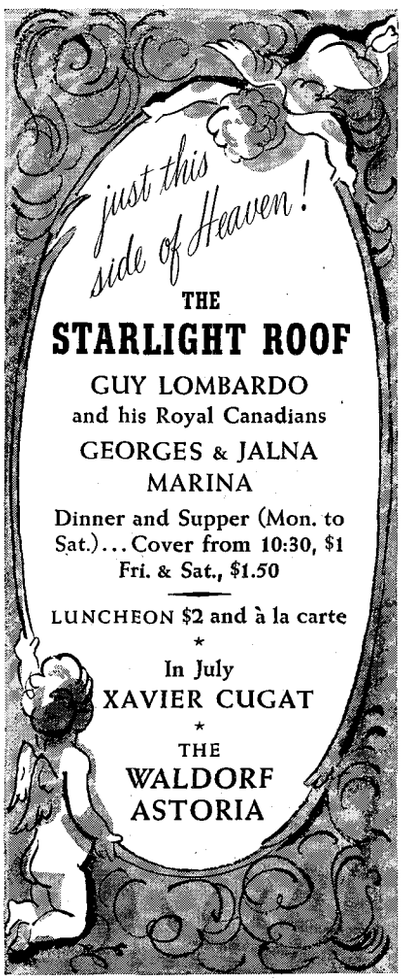

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THE RACE TRACK

Little Orphan Valdina

ONE of the things which make every racing day a new adventure is that horses are always slipping out of the categories in which they've been so neatly tucked. Just when Shut Out seemed about to become the three-year-old of the season, or something of the kind, a powerful colt named Valdina Orphan had to pop in from Boston for the Dwyer Stakes. No matter how anyone felt about Valdina Orphan's winning the race at Aqueduct last weekend—I'm a Shut Out man myself—you must admit that weight helped. In some stakes, such as the Kentucky Derby, The Preakness, and The Belmont, the runners meet on equal terms; in others—the Dwyer, for instance—there are weight allowances to encourage owners of unfortunate animals to have another try. So, because Valdina Orphan hadn't picked up a $50,000 purse this spring, he carried ten pounds less than Shut Out. Lots of people remembered that when Shut Out won the Derby, Valdina Orphan finished less than three lengths behind, and even Shut Out's own stable people remarked glumly at saddling time for the Dwyer that they weren't sure he could give so much weight. He couldn't. In fact, he couldn't get close to Valdina Orphan, who lowered the track record for a mile and a quarter by a second and three-fifths. His time of 2:01⅖ would be fast over any course.

If there's a colt of Valdina Orphan's age with a handsomer head and a bolder eye, I've missed him in the shuffle. He's owned, as you should know, by Emerson F. Woodward, who has a lot of oil wells, and is not to be confused with William Woodward, who is chairman of The Jockey Club. For years Emerson Woodward has prefixed Valdina to the names of the racers he breeds on his ranch in Texas, Valdina Farm. It's a sort of brand. The practice is slightly bewildering to horseplayers, as there seem to be hundreds of horses named Valdina running all over the place. Actually, about eighty are on the list right now, starting with Valdina Advice and ending with Valdina Zest. Valdina Orphan got his name because his mother, a mare called Stepsister, died when he was a few

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months old. His sire is still alive, which only goes to show what a chore Mr. Woodward has thinking up names. The Valdina stable is trained by Frank Catrone, who, graybeards will recall, rode for Sam Hildreth nearly twenty years ago. I daresay that Valdina Orphan, Shut Out, and Alsab will meet in the Classic Stakes at Arlington Park next month. Alsab went to Chicago the other day to get ready for it.

MY guess is that Col. Teddy will always have a big following hereabouts on the strength of his spectacular finish in the Huguenot Handicap last weekend. He seemed hopelessly out of it a furlong from home, yet he got up to win by a neck. But then McCreary, who handled him, always waits till the last second. Cooling out afterward, a horseplayer remarked, "If Paul Revere had taken chances like that, this would still be a British colony."

It was apparent in the Tremont Stakes on the same afternoon that William du Pont, Jr., wasn't so far wrong in his estimation of Supermont. You may remember that although his Suncap won the Juvenile and the National Stallion at Belmont, du Pont considered Supermont his best two-year-old. Supermont started slowly in the Tremont and had to go around his field on the turns, which is doing it the hard way; nevertheless, he won with something to spare. He's in the Great American Stakes this weekend. Just as helpful for future reference was the race Count Fleet ran the other afternoon. He bolted at the first turn and went wide all the way (Moxie the Dice Cheater, always a master of overstatement, says he hit the outside fence) and still won comfortably.

AQUEDUCT closes this weekend, and you won't have to watch any more hurdle races until the track reopens in September. I must say a good word, though, for an animal named Blanket, who won three times, always on hot, stuffy afternoons. I won't bore you with details, but the last time he won he was ridden unskillfully—to a degree I've seldom seen equalled. . . . If you care for a tip, and I don't blame you if you don't, I can't imagine anything beating Whirlaway in the Brooklyn.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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THE INVASION

WHAT a long time it is since our downstairs guest room was last used for merely transient friends! I scarcely remember the days when an occasional harmless married couple or bachelor occupied it for a weekend and moved on. Between infrequent visitors it stood forgotten, empty and neat, with a row of mothproof bags in the closet. Then, one day in the fall of 1940, at about the time Hitler was muffing his best chance to invade England, we adopted two English children, Vivian and Rosemary Chace, from Oxford, and settled them into our downstairs guest room for the duration. Internationally, this created little stir, but in our Connecticut house the difference was apparent at once. Early the first evening my husband and I were startled by a sudden, quick crescendo of crashes, a flurry of stamping feet, and several piercing squeals.

"They brought their ponies, perhaps?" John inquired pleasantly.

I shook my head. "Suppose that's what they meant when they said they always had a bit of a romp at bedtime."

Our own children, Jane and Adam, quickly adopted this merry custom. Adam is only seven, so there isn't quite the detonation when he leaps from the top of his bureau to the foot of his bed. But Jane, Vivian, and Rosemary are all big girls in the vicinity of eleven and twelve, and the builder tells me it would be a waste of time and money to try to do anything about the cracks in the plaster now; much better wait till "it" is over, he says.

Vivian and Rosemary brought with them from Oxford what must surely have been all their worldly goods. Their bureaus are stuffed with a complete collection of the best British wool underwear in several distinct weights, all with a drawstring at the neck and with sleeves of an unusual length. They brought a rather valuable old violin with them, too, and a bead-weaving machine. Since living with us, their largest acquisition has been a plasticine plaque, haut-relief, of an enraged Assyrian farmer faced with a marauding lioness. At school, Rosemary got B-plus in Art for making this, and she stood it proudly on the top shelf of the bookcase we had to install in the guest-room bathroom to take care of the overflow of their possessions. Often the plaque falls over on the heads of such of our male dinner guests as recall where the downstairs bathroom is and go unsuspectingly in and slam the door. These frequent falls have little or no effect on the Assyrian farmer.

"It's quite as good as marble," Rosemary says, switching her golden pigtails with satisfaction. "It'll last forever, I expect."

Our invasion has differed radically, both in initial pattern and immediate result, from others of this war. For one thing, it is entirely successful from everyone's point of view. Jane and Adam loved the English children on sight and began trying to be exactly like them. They are an extremely cheerful pair, though they frequently announce they are "furious." And it was not long before John and I amused our friends by our foolishly fond boasting of their golden hair, their beaming faces, long, straight legs, and proficiency in Latin. Love is the one element that Hitler seems not to have thought of, and I hope he never gets to hear about it, because it's what really makes invasion easy. This deep if sudden affection tided us over some glum early moments. We soon discovered an inflexibility in the British nature which I'm sure would startle the High Command if they ever encountered it domestically. "We don't do it that way in Oxford" can have the quiet finality of "Thou shalt not kill."

"We never tidy up after ourselves," Vivian said to me. "Violet does."

"Violet was your nurse?"

"Oh, no. Violet just takes care. Sometimes it takes her all morning just to tidy up Rosemary's room. We *love* a muddle."

This laissez-Violet-faire point of view was all too contagious. The day I found Jane's schoolbag in the icebox, I bought four little notebooks and a lot of colored paper stars. The children wrote their names on the covers, and now each child who has been reasonably neat all day gets a red star to paste in at bedtime and a blue one if he's ready for bed at eight. But somehow it hasn't all worked out as we hoped. Neatness is increasing, but we have been defeated by the tradition, apparently deep-rooted in Oxford life, of having a nanny brush the children's hair until it shines and then shepherd them to the drawing-room door to murmur their polite good nights. In my household this ceremony has degenerated into something quite different. My husband and I are usually having dinner at eight o'clock. Adam arrives first in the dining room. "I bet you forgot I was coming to say good night the way they do in Oxford," he says. His eyes dart over the table. "Can I take one of those little buns back to bed with me? Will you butter it? Can I have a little jelly on it, too? Can I have two?"

Vivian, in her bathrobe, her short, thick hair falling forward over her eyes, comes next and resets her huge dollar watch by the dining-room clock. "Good night," she says absent-mindedly, but still clinging to this vestigial bit of Oxford training. "You know, I can't think what's wrong with this watch. If I've set it once, I've set it fifty times today. Probably Rosemary 'n' I'll be late to school again tomorrow. And I don't believe that clock's right, either," she adds. "So, Uncle John, you tell me what's really the right time."

"It's late," John says, not looking at his watch or the clock. "Terribly late. Five minutes past eight, and you won't get your blue star unless you hurry."

"Oh, thank you," she says, smiling at him and again resetting the watch. "Thanks awfully, Uncle John. You know, Aunt Louise, I think I have poison ivy on my foot again."

"Go to bed!"

"Yes, I am. That's what I'm doing. I just am saying good night. You know, we always do." She wanders out, winding her watch.

Jane, in footed pajamas, thunders down the stairs past Adam returning, and leaps through the end of the dining room. "My star for being neat!" she cries. "I forgot to put it in my notebook." She disappears into the library, where the notebooks are kept. There is the sound of a scuffle, smothered laughter, and the library lights go rapidly on and off several times.

"*Now* what?" I call, and instantly a small, pink, wide-eyed face framed in pigtails appears in the library door.

"I'm just remarking to Jane our tooth powder's all gone," Rosemary says.

"I bought you a big new can—tin—today. You haven't looked in your bathroom closet—cupboard."

"Did you *really?* Oh, very nice. I mustn't have seen it, I expect. Did you know about the new tin of tooth powder?" she calls to Vivian.

"What?" yells Vivian. "I can't hear a word. I'm in bed."

"Oh, then that means she can't have brushed her teeth tonight, doesn't it? So she doesn't get her blue star today. She hasn't properly gone to bed if her teeth aren't brushed. What a *pity*," we hear Rosemary say with the greatest possible satisfaction. "I didn't, either, but for other reasons." At last she leaves the library. Jane leaps back through the

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dining room, past the maid carrying potatoes, and up the stairs, crying a haphazard good night that would shock any Oxford nanny into fits, and the house settles down for the night.

This fundamental inflexibility, so deep-ingrained and necessary to the British, is of a quality I think we do not breed at all in this country. It is the ultimate inflexibility of the best grade of elastic rubber band—pliable when needed, temporarily accommodating, but never really changing its permanent shape. Vivian and Rosemary now make a real effort to cater to my whims. They almost never leave their hair ribbons in the sugar bowl any more, and it's months since I found the trowel among the monogrammed pillow slips. But I am as sure as I am of anything in this world that the minute they get out from under my New England thumb and back to Violet, it will again take that devoted slave all morning to tidy up Rosemary's room. And when that day comes they will again eat only the things they like best. "At home, you see, we only eat—" "I know," I once interrupted faintly, "but you see, darlings, *this* is your home now." "Oh, yes," they agreed briskly, "but at home in Oxford we *never* eat tomatoes. No tomatoes at all." Nor salad, nor onions, nor cheese, nor creamed codfish, so nourishing and cheap, nor broccoli, nor grapefruit.

"Good God," said my seven-year-old one day, driven to forget himself, "what do people eat in Oxford?"

"Gravies," Vivian said dreamily. "And jello."

Vivian will be thirteen next week. "Then I shall stay up till a quarter to nine," she says. We suggested it was more fun, all the girls being about the same age, to go to bed at the same time. But she shook her head so the thick hair swung back and forth. "When we're thirteen we go to bed at a quarter to nine."

"But how do you know you do? You've never been thirteen."

"We simply do. Always. It's wonderful fun." She began to beam in anticipation and wandered away.

John gazed after her, full of love and admiration. "Lots of things have been kept from Hitler," he said. "There are much more successful types of invasion than just the conventional ones by ship and parachute."

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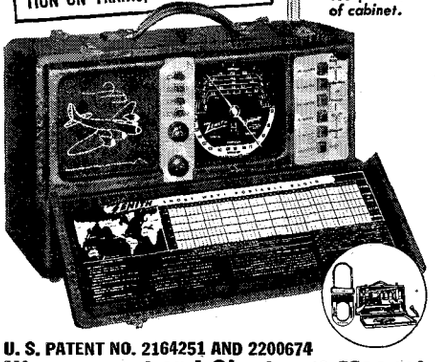

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THE ART GALLERIES

Final Burst

ONCE or twice before this season we've had big shows sneak up on us, so to speak, with little preliminary publicity, so we've not been prepared in advance either for their size or for their general excellence. Now, to end the season, there comes another—the loan exhibition of oils by American, French, British, and other United Nations artists as a benefit for the Red Cross at the Parke-Bernet Galleries. (Politically, there's a rather fine point involved in admitting the French to this grouping, but perhaps it's best not to look too closely into that.) A huge collection, with close to two hundred and fifty items listed in the catalogue, it is confined fairly closely to contemporary work, with occasional dips into the nineteenth century, and while it is diffuse and rambling in content, in its own curious way it is one of the most enjoyable exhibitions I have seen this season.

This is not to say that the show hasn't its faults, for it has. It has gaps a mile wide in spots. But then the whole tone of the collection is casual, and if you look in vain for any number of artists you think ought to be there, you are also likely to find several you've hardly heard of before. Catholicity is the keynote; the range, to put it broadly, is from Picasso to the purest *pompier*, or chromo, and if I've gone on so long about the sheer structure of the show, it is because, in spite of its contradictions, the general effect it presents is so thoroughly cheerful and charming.

Possibly this is because, in all categories, a consistent good taste has ruled the selections. The solitary Picasso, to get down to details, is the archaically posed "Lady with Fan," certainly one of the peak productions of the artist's blue period, while the prize of the *pompier* division is Firmin Girard's big "Flower Market, Paris," with its microscopically exact rendition of the open-air market on the Quai de l'Horloge—a chromo, surely, but a famous one, dear to every lover of the total-recall or after-Meissonnier-what school of art. In more serious categories, you'll find plenty of excellent pieces. In so voluminous a collection it is hardly possible to do more than hint at these, but there's a lovely early Renoir study of a girl's head called "The Yellow Hat" that should be mentioned, as well as a fine Degas, "Nude Combing Her Hair," and Pissarro's "Mi-Carême sur le Boulevard," which in its movement and vivid color is one of the best of those street perspectives of his. Among the Americans, who range from the mid-nineteenth-century Eastman Johnson on up to the present, a crisply painted "Landscape with Figures" by Winslow Homer is worth looking for, and so are the very green and graceful "May Day, Central Park" by William Glackens, an effective though theatrically lighted "The Green Laundry Wagon" by Lee Jackson, and a solidly designed "Madison Square" by John Sloan. I liked, too, the warmly Expressionist "Harvest in Nazareth" by the Palestinian Rubin and the spirited "Boy on a Cliff" by Augustus John.

STRICTLY speaking, I suppose there is no logical reason for urging you to buy a painting because the artist agrees to put the money he receives for it into War Bonds. Yet some dozen or so galleries about town are suggesting that you do just that, and from a practical point of view the idea has advantages. Thus the buyer, who otherwise might feel guilty about spending his money for art in these times, gets his painting; the artist, who rarely can afford to buy bonds without sales, gets a bond; the government gets the money when it needs it. It would seem that everybody ought to be satisfied.

The shows are all group affairs, some closing this weekend and others running beyond it. Since the galleries involved range from the A.C.A., through the Midtown, Macbeth, and Rehn, to the Grand Central and Ferargil, almost every aspect of contemporary American painting is covered, from the most venturesome to the most conservative. I shan't try to discuss them all in detail. The one at the A.C.A., which includes both painting and sculpture, is the largest and, perhaps because the artists in this group have been more concerned with anti-Fascist expression than most others, it is also the most spirited. The highlight of the collection is an extraordinarily effective murky-green painting of soldiers in a bayonet charge—"It Has to Be Done," by Philip Evergood. Daniel Koerner's picture of a bombed village, "Europe, 1942," deserves mention too, as well as Robert Gwathmey's sombre "Marketing" and, among the sculptures, Aaron Goodelman's lively

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little construction worker, called "Signaling." In the group at the Macbeth there's a "Still Life" by Marsden Hartley, very succinct in design, that is definitely worth seeing. At the Downtown, I liked particularly Charles Sheeler's crisp yet somehow glowing study of a barn in sunlight, called "Red Against the Light."

SO ends another season. It was a season whose prevailing atmosphere was one of suspense. Dealers worried about the lack of sales; artists worried about their work and their ability to keep on with it, and wondered occasionally whether trying to do so was worth while. Enlistments and the draft took many of them, and will no doubt take many more. But in spite of all this, and the deep fits of doubt and depression which beset many when art itself seemed a useless and frivolous production in a world at war, art somehow got produced and the season saw an average quota of timely and encouraging shows by contemporary Americans.

The Modern Museum's "Americans, 1942" exhibition revealed how far along the road to true artistic maturity our art has come, and, as if to signalize this fact, the Metropolitan, in its "On the Bright Side," for the first time in years opened its doors to a sizable collection of works by living Americans. The Macbeth Galleries, celebrating their fiftieth anniversary, showed, too, that we are developing a respectable past. Meantime, the presence of so many foreign artists, refugees from the war in Europe, began to make itself felt. The Pierre Matisse Gallery's "Artists in Exile" exhibition dramatized this most forcefully, perhaps. Shows by Max Ernst, Piet Mondrian, Matta, and others seemed to point to our destiny as the world art centre of the future. Still, the mood was one of suspense. The market in old-master art—art, that is, of settled value, which can be bought as a hedge against inflation—was reported to be brisker than it has been in a long time. But the market in contemporary, living painting—the kind you buy because you like a canvas and are willing to take your chances on its ultimate value—languished. "What will things be like next fall?" everybody was asking as the season ended. —ROBERT M. COATES

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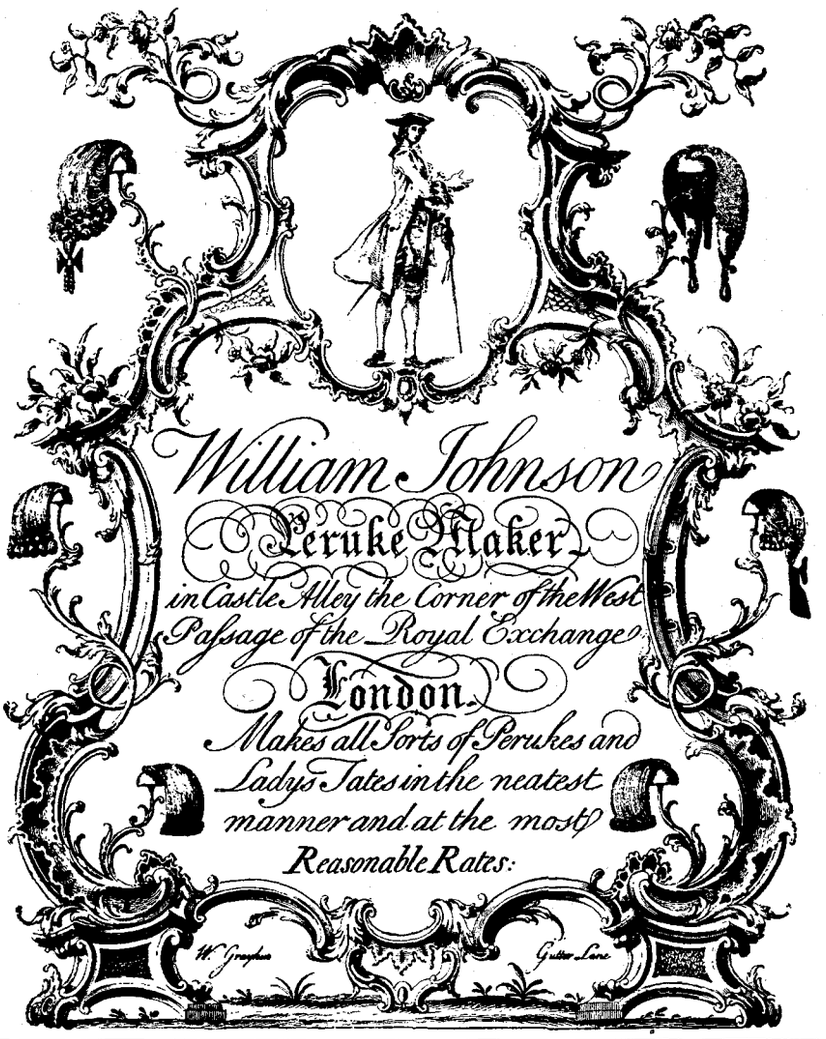
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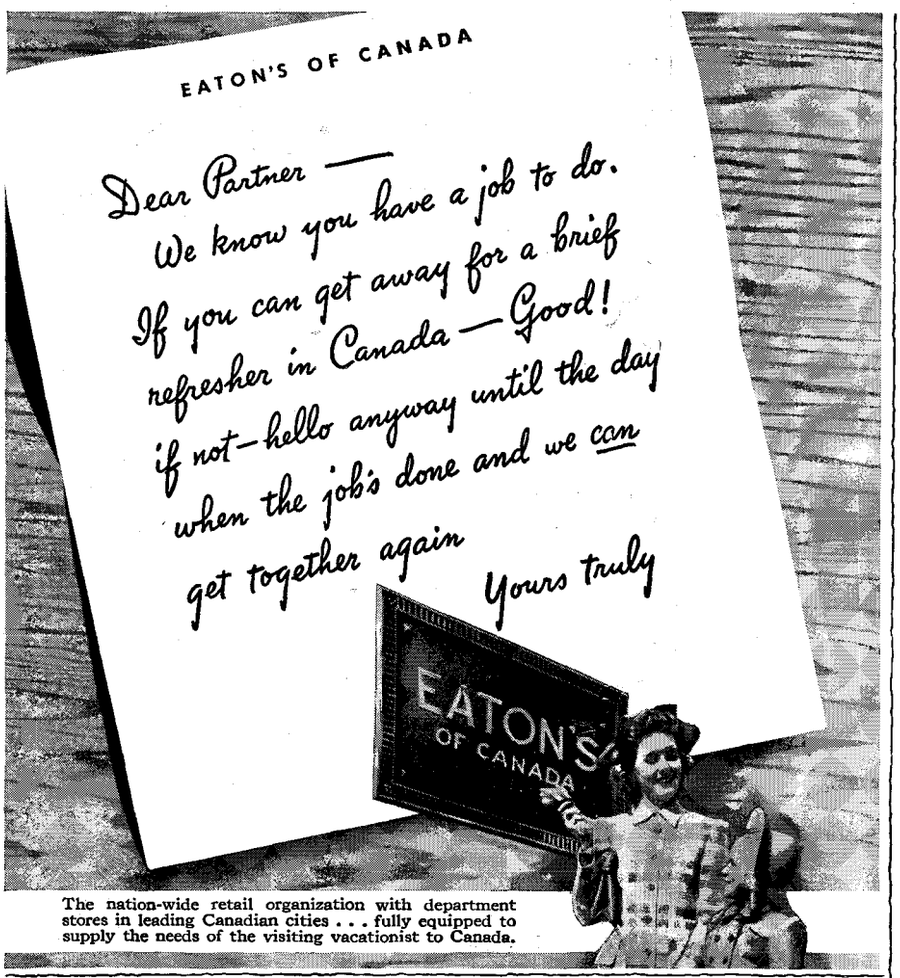
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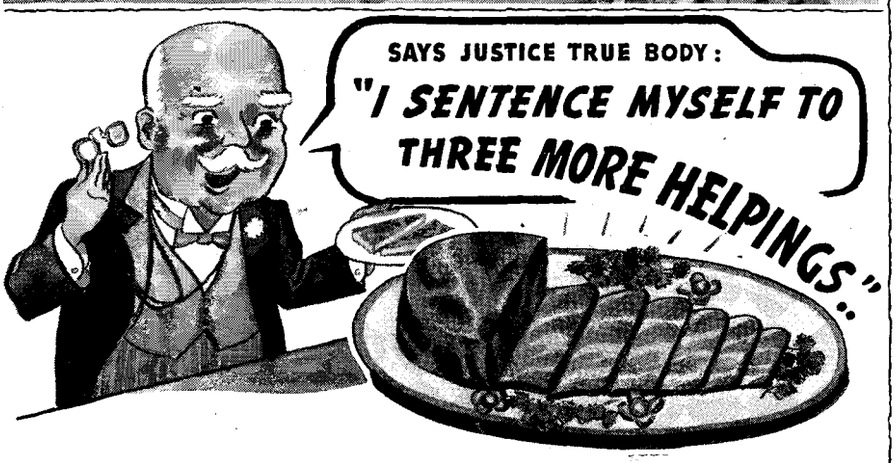

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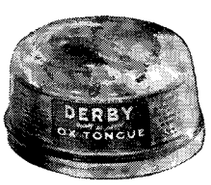

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Counter-Espionage

A WIDE variety of heroes has appeared in spy pictures lately. Producers have drafted talent unsparingly, calling up not only their young men but some of their older and less vigorous ones as well. By this willingness to use every type of manpower available, they have so far been able to foil enemy plots as fast as they have thought them up. Not a single German spy ring that has come out of Hollywood has gone unpunished.

In "Nazi Agent," M-G-M has pitted Conrad Veidt, in spite of his years, against a really tough bunch of babies and, incidentally, against himself in the bargain. Veidt plays twin brothers in this picture, one good and the other bad. As the good one, he is made the unwilling tool of the bad one until, seizing his chance, he commits forgivable fratricide, takes his brother's place at the head of the gang, and bores at the enemy from within. The action, which is reasonably fast-moving, occurs before America's participation in the war and has to do with the knavery of the German consuls here before they were expelled. As the brother who, although German, joins up with our side against the fatherland, Veidt has time also for a mature, stiff-collared romance with Miss Ann Ayars, who plays the part of another unwilling tool. There is enough excitement and little enough confusion about "Nazi Agent," on the whole, to make it surprisingly good for an unpretentious B. The twin business is made easier by the fact that as long as both brothers are alive, one of them wears whiskers.

THE heroes chosen by United Artists to combat their own latest spy menace don't look like the men for the job, but that's overestimating the job. Here again there are good and bad Germans feuding with each other, but no twins and not even a family resemblance between parents and children to cross you up. This picture is "Friendly Enemies," an adaptation of the play that did better than it should have in 1918. President Wilson is reported to have said then that he liked it very well, but he must have been talking about something else, like the League of Nations or the Four-

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teen Points. The spy angle is not the most important part of this story; there is a lot of other tomfoolery based on the political squabbles of two old codgers played by Charlies Winninger and Ruggles. These are the fellows who eventually get together and make a monkey out of Otto Kruger, the head of all German Intelligence in America. They don't seem to be very smart, but Kruger manages to under-trump them at every turn, so everything comes out O.K. The love interest is handled by young people in this picture—Nancy Kelly and James Craig, to wit—and as they appear fond of each other and have nothing else to do, they are a blameless pair.

The main trouble lies in the fact that whatever appeal "Friendly Enemies" had in 1918 is dated now, and in the additional fact that Adelaide Heilbron, the adaptress, forgot she was writing for the movies and has put only two or three sets in the picture, just like on the stage. The characters make entrances and exits, as in a play, the one difference being that you see them opening a door from the outside as well as closing it from the inside. Somehow it doesn't seem like an immeasurable advantage, though.

A THIRD spy plot is included in "The Wife Takes a Flyer," released by Columbia. Here the hero, Franchot Tone, is able-bodied and active but uses most of his energy kicking German soldiers in the pants, that being the kind of picture this one is. The rest of the time he is looking with what may be affection at Joan Bennett. Allyn Joslyn is the villyn.—DAVID LARDNER

•

The duke was exchanging greetings with the official welcoming party and newspapermen whom he had met on previous visits when the duchess, who had come to the airport by automobile, walked toward him through the crowd. Catching sight of her over the tail of the Lockheed, he called, "Hell, darling," and interrupted his greetings to walk toward her and kiss her.
—*The Herald Tribune.*

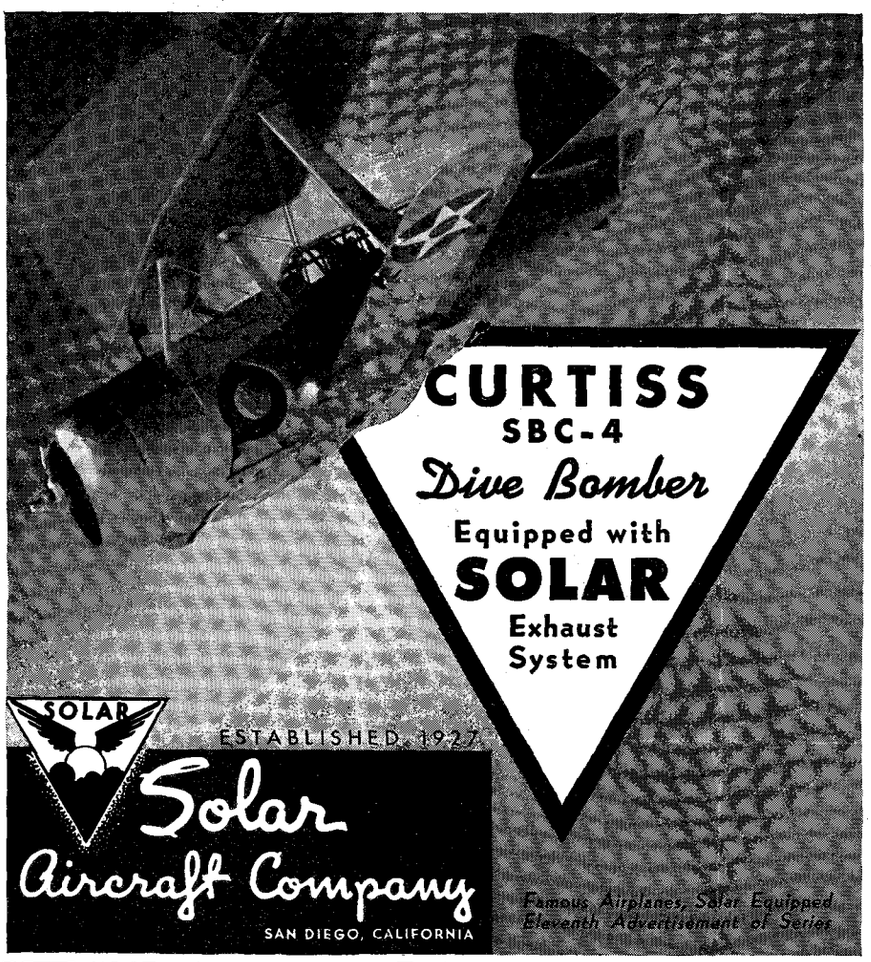
Honeymoon's over, eh?

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!
(CHIPSO DIVISION)

[*From the San Diego Union*]

"I'm calling every person who has any knowledge of the case," Coroner Gunn declared as he continued his investigation of the deaths. "We're going to wash this all out in the open, let the chips fall where they may."



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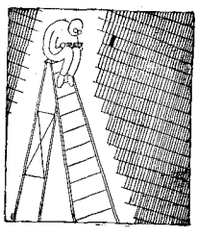
BOOKS

Reveille in Boston—Warning



HE began as the son of a Huguenot refugee named Apollos Rivoire and ended as a kind of patron saint of American school children. He lived to be eighty-three, a highly respectable, cozy-paunched industrialist suspicious of Tom Jefferson's levelling ideas, a sort of Ben Franklin in miniature: a lieutenant-colonel of artillery, a maker (not too deft) of false teeth, a silversmith (the best in the country for over forty years), a copper-engraver, a founder of gunpowder mills, a caster of beautiful bells, a manufacturer of copper sheathing for American ships, a retailer fulfilling the functions of a Hammacher Schlemmer of the time. A versatile, ingenious fellow, this Paul Revere, breeder of many children, firm patriot, organizer of the mechanics of Boston during the days of the Revolution, friend of Hancock, Joseph Warren, Sam Adams, John Adams. A modest man who rode many errands for the Committee of Safety and made one other ride that Longfellow's tetrameters have almost accidentally immortalized.

Despite all this, Revere himself is not a highly interesting man, and all of Esther Forbes' careful art in her full-dress biography, "Paul Revere and the World He Lived In," cannot make him one. He did many useful things for the Revolution and for his young country, he wrought lovely silver (if you like the rococo of his early period and do not find a little dull the Federal of his later one), but essentially he had an artisan mind. You cannot compare him with a contemporary like the energetic Sam Adams, who at times seems to have set the Revolution in motion almost single-handed.

Were Miss Forbes' book only a study of Revere, it would have but a minor value. It is more than that; it is a full-length account of how the Revolution came to the little eighteenth-century town of Boston and left it a thriving, determinedly bourgeois metropolis. Even with this enlargement of the canvas, there is too much Revere. We could spare the studious examination of the problem of what kind of horse Revere rode during his most famous excursion. We could do without the tedious genealogy (Miss Forbes is a New Englander and is fond of her begats).

But when Miss Forbes diverts her eye from her amiable hero and gives us Boston, she becomes a historian rather than a patient researcher. I do not know of any book of the last decade or so that offers so detailed and intimate a picture of the birthplace of American liberty during its career from 1760 to about 1800, when the town's enthusiasm and fire began to die out. She is fair to both sides, patient in reconstruction, witty on occasion, though the fabric of her prose is on the gray side. The portraits of the mob-master Sam Adams, of the elegant Lieutenant Governor Hutchinson, of the fiery Joseph Warren, of the cautious, brainy John Adams, and of the ostentatious, foolish John Hancock are all vigorous and coherent, and she is hardly less effective with her Englishmen. She undermines the foundations of many beloved fables—that of the Boston "Massacre," for example—and carefully distinguishes between the fact and the legend of the famous ride. On the whole, a longish, sound, not very exciting, intelligent biography of a minor figure in a major period.

AS for latter-day Paul Reveres, we have had no lack of them to cry out to us that the Nazis are coming, but we have been neither as sharp-eared nor as hardheaded as our forefathers were. Nor have we yet learned our lesson, as the thousand fatuous expressions of overconfidence prove, as a thousand qualifications of all-outism prove, as—in quite another way—the publication of such a book as James B. Reston's "Prelude to Victory" proves. I commend this young Paul Revere to the overhigh of heart, to the faint of heart, and—for there are such—to the divided of heart.

Mr. Reston is a young *Times* cor-

"I don't mind if they mention the war—if it doesn't interfere with the story."

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respondent, formerly stationed in London, now in Washington. He feels, thinks, and writes with warmth and precision, and is clearly fashioned by nature and experience to carry the torch when the hands of the older newspaper columnists begin to fail.

His little book—it runs to but 235 pages—was written, he says, "because of a profound conviction and a very real fear. The conviction is that we got into this war because we underestimated the price of freedom; the fear is that we shall lose the war unless we clear out of our minds several fundamental illusions that are minimizing our effort." For, let us not fool ourselves, Cologne and Rostock and Midway, brilliant as are these victories, have not begun to win this war for us. Mr. Roosevelt said it would be long and hard, and it will be both. Mr. Reston's book is devoted to showing us how, by an alteration in the slant of our thinking, it may be made less hard, less long, and its outcome more certain.

Among the illusions of which Mr. Reston makes a neat hash are those that freedom comes easy, that wars do not really settle anything, that time and money will save us, that guns, tanks, planes, and ships will save us, that we can win with our second team (Mr. Reston is sharply critical of some of Mr. Roosevelt's appointees), that Britain and Russia are in any way the enemy, that we are fighting to get "back to normal," and that the average noncombatant citizen can't do much about the whole situation.

Mr. Reston is a valuable propagandist not only because what he says is true but because he cannot be accused of party hackwork. He is very far from being entirely pro-Administration, and much of his sharpest, though never malicious, criticism is directed not at you and me but at Washington.

He opens his book with a wise sentence from Somerset Maugham, which, were it not so long, should be engraved on every American coin and banknote. It is worth memorizing: "If a nation values anything more than freedom, it will lose its freedom; and the irony of it is that if it is comfort or money that it values more, it will lose that too."

—Clifton Fadiman

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Gentle Annie, by MacKinlay Kantor. An ingenious and lively novel about train robbers, detectives, and whatnot out in Oklahoma in

PAUL REVERE & THE WORLD HE LIVED IN

Just published — a portrait in the great American tradition by ESTHER FORBES

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1901. Since Mr. Kantor is a better novelist than most writers of Westerns, this is a better Western. Real people in it, a situation that is interesting as well as complicated, and a made-to-order part for Gary Cooper.

LAND OF UNREASON, by Fletcher Pratt and L. Sprague de Camp. It seems that in Yorkshire you put a bowl of milk on the doorstep on Midsummer's Eve for the Little People. The hero of this novel drinks the milk himself and puts Scotch in the bowl. The Scotch having gone to the authors' heads, the rest of the book is laid in fairyland. An amusing tale, with some pertinent allegory, but now and then rather overdone.

GENERAL

AMBASSADORS IN WHITE, by Charles Morrow Wilson. The author estimates that some forty per cent of all Latin Americans are sick or ailing, and goes on from there to sketch in the vast historical background of malnutrition and disease since the conquistadors. His capsule lives of Gorgas, Walter Reed, and others point up the argument that sooner or later people on both sides of the Rio Grande must get together and take on the job of realizing the human and other resources of tropical America. Mr. Wilson is one of our more enterprising social reporters, and this is a broad, readable book on an important subject. Even so, you may feel that there's a little of De Kruif's medical romanticism in his account, or that he doesn't make enough of the virus diseases per se, or perhaps that in general the research is a good deal better than the writing. Photographs and maps.

EUROPE IN REVOLT, by René Kraus. Probably the fullest and best recent report on the occupied, though not conquered, countries. Everywhere, says the author, collaboration has failed, and even mass terror is failing now that Catholics, Socialists, conservatives, and Communists are getting together for sabotage and revolt. Hitler and the Germans, he thinks, form a vicious circle, and the peoples who have been ravaged by "countless little Hitlers" will not stop to make distinctions. Detailed and intelligently written, though the arrangement of the book calls for too much jumping back and forth.

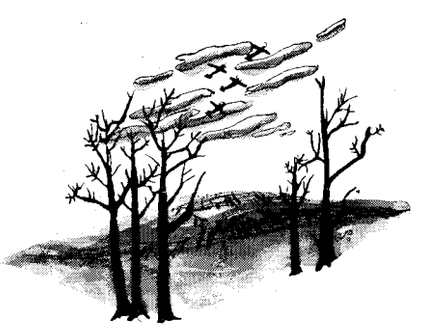
RATIONED RUBBER, by Williams Haynes and Ernst A. Hauser. This short book by two respected names in the field of industrial chemistry will give you a simple and fairly complete lowdown on our rubber shortage: some interesting history, our present needs, the chances for natural substitutes (nothing much except guayule), reclaimed rubber, how we stack up in synthetics, and like matters. The authors defend Standard Oil in the I. G. Farbenindustrie case and throw much of our responsibility for being caught short in the government's lap. Good material, though rather hastily done. Diagrams.

THE ALLEGHENY, by Frederick Way, Jr. Ingratiating backwoods yarning about General Braddock, "Colonel" Drake's oil strike, rafters, floating palaces of sin, the Johnstown flood, and other curiosa pertaining to the Allegheny River. Patchy and slight, but the real thing. In the Rivers of America series. Effective sketches by Henry Pitz.

BEHIND THE URALS, by John Scott. A young Middle Westerner who went to Russia in 1931 and helped build the steel-production centre of Magnitogorsk describes the pioneer feel and vast scale of the industrial development east of the Urals, which has turned out to be Stalin's real backlog against Hitler. Plain, vivid writing, not noticeably pro or con; in fact, the author sounds more like a disciple of John Dewey than a disciple of Lenin.

BY PAN AMERICAN HIGHWAY THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA, by Herbert C. Lanks. The author's previous book on the Pan American Highway, written in collaboration with Harry A. Franck, covered the section from Texas to the Canal Zone. This one chronicles a 30,000-mile trip by car down the west coast of South America to Patagonia and back up the east coast to Rio. Lots of information, but too much of the and-now-we-leave-beautiful-Ohio school of travel writing. Eighty-four instructive photographs, one in color.

WRITERS IN CRISIS, by Maxwell Geismar. Revaluations of a half-dozen authors—Lardner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, etc.—as the robins of a new social dawn in America. Short on technical judgments and occasionally too willing to take the book for the man, but on the whole a fresh and penetrating job of relating each writer to the society surrounding him.



ART OF THIS CENTURY, edited by Peggy Guggenheim. A catalogue of the Peggy Guggenheim collection, this is chiefly notable for a long and generally instructive introductory essay by André Breton, the founder of the surrealist movement, defining and describing the movement and the painters who form it, from Matta and Max Ernst to Dali and Tanguy. Numerous illustrations.

VERSE

NATALIE MAISIE AND PAVILASTUKAY: TWO TALES IN VERSE, by John Masefield. A romance of Russia's past and an allegory of England's future. Many old-time Masefield touches.

BELLS AND GRASS, by Walter de la Mare. One hundred new poems, continuing the "Peacock Pie" tradition with some remnants of its charm. A characteristic preface by the author and illustrations by Dorothy Lathrop.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MURDER IN RETROSPECT, by Agatha Christie. Carla Lemarchant is the daughter of a woman sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of her husband sixteen years before. Carla believes that her mother, now dead, was innocent and appeals to Hercule Poirot, who turns back the pages for her. Beautiful deducting and better writing than you'll find in the average mystery.

•

Ainu land is a profitable territory for the Japanese and affords an earnest of the fate in store for their new conquests, if they are able to maintain them. While the Ainu remain poverty stricken the overlords grow fat on the cheese, butter, paper, horses and fish oil which they extract from the islanders.—*Baltimore Sun.*

Sounds pretty fattening, especially with a rich sauce.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From a story by Temple Bailey in the Woman's Home Companion*]

Gipsy, putting on a knitted suit under her leather-lined fur coat, reflected that Blair's presence in Baltimore was, to say the least, peculiar.

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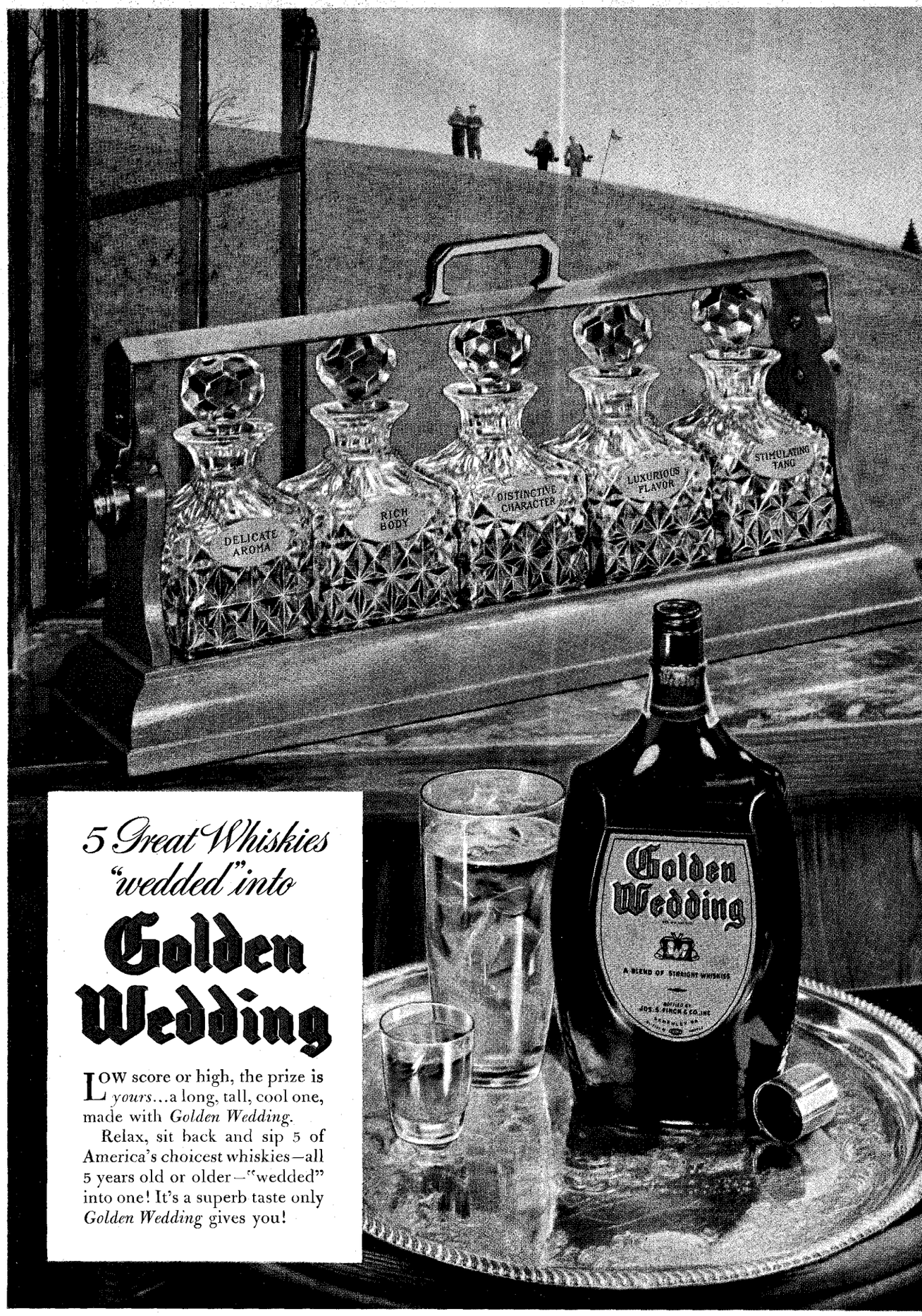

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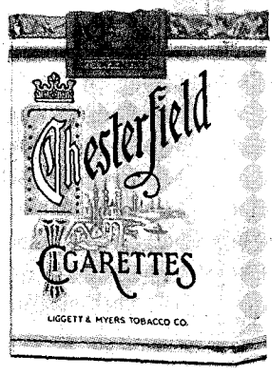

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